Vol. CXXVIII. No. 1513.

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THE BYSTANDER, OCTOBER 30, 1935.

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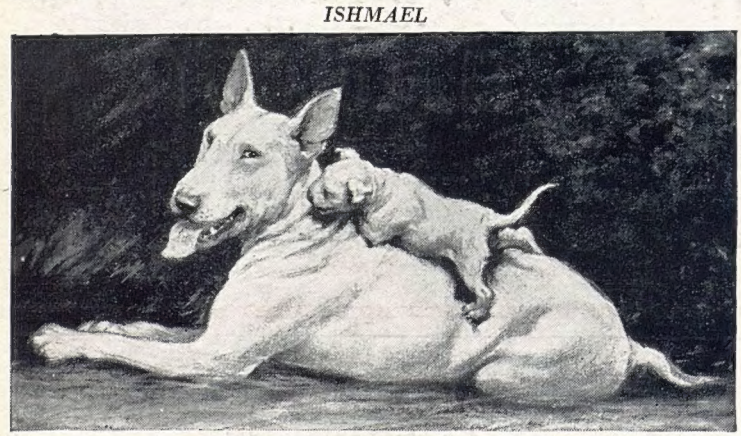

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The Bystander, October 30, 1935

The BYSTANDER

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Peter North

PENELOPE DUDLEY WARD

The lovely Penelope will see her own first première as a star when "Moscow Nights" starts its pre-release run at the Leicester Square Theatre on November 6th. "Moscow Nights" was called "Natacha" most of the time it was in the making at Denham; it's Miss Dudley Ward's first part under her long-term contract with London Films, and kept her very hard and seriously at work. In fact, her socialite appearances have dwindled now to a film-star's minimum. Harry Baur, the French actor, came over specially to play Brioukov; he made a tremendous success in that part in the French version of the story. Lawrence Olivier, as a young Russian officer who falls in love with Natacha while she's nursing him in hospital, Athene Seyler and Lilian Braithwaite are also in the cast, and Anthony Asquith directed

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 126 Clemence Dane

Potted by Charles Gay Caricatured by Sirra

CLEMENCE DANE is a big, jolly woman—I almost said a jolly big woman. Really, she is an Elizabethan, vital, magnificent, and surging with enthusiasm. Everything about her is larger than life. Her generosity is enormous. She is a superb hostess and a fine cook. Oh, her buttered oysters! She works in bursts of tremendous energy. She likes burgundy and beer. Her indignation when aroused by any act of cruelty is simply flaming. She cannot even eat a hen's egg in the ordinary way. And yet she has no affectations. She is an exuberant character with a splendid appetite.

As a girl she was a raging beauty. To-day her exquisitely classical face surmounting her Junoesque figure at once dominates every room she enters. She even dominated Hollywood. Yet her grand manner is entirely natural and she herself is completely feminine.

SHE was born at Knockholt, in Kent. Her father was on the Baltic, and her mother came from Lincolnshire. They decided on a career of art for her, and she duly went to the Slade and Germany. Then the stage claimed her and she played leading parts at £2 a week on tour from John o' Groats to Land's End. Old women, beautiful Society hostesses, drunken charwomen—she played them all with terrific gusto. The only time that London was ever privileged to see her was in *Eliza Comes to Stay*, with Eva Moore and Henry Esmond. Miss Dane played the villainess. That was just before the war. At this stage I had better explain that her real name is Winifred Ashton, but she decided the name was not easy enough to remember. So she adapted her nom de plume from the famous church in the Strand—and, indeed, her laughter is like the chiming of bells.

WHEN the war came she gave up her servants and did all kinds of jobs. She was even a governess. And then, in 1917, she wrote *Regiment of Women*. Heinemann's were the lucky publishers, and they have published her ever since. Since then it has been a series of plays and novels and novels and plays, with streaks of Hollywood. She wrote *A Bill of Divorcement*, *Will Shakespeare*, the screen adaptation of *Anna Karenina*, *Broome Stages*, and many other successes. Sometimes she writes, sometimes she dictates, just as the mood seizes her. She is a woman of no inhibitions and no habits, except that she hums when absorbed. At the moment she is adapting *The Amateur Gentleman* for the screen out at Elstree; she is going through the page proofs of her new book of short stories, *Fate Cries Out*; and she has taken up sculpting, at which she is proving a tremendous success. She has a flat in New York, another in Covent Garden, and a house in Kent, but she works like fury all the time, except when she is called off for a dentist's appointment or a cocktail-party. Yes, she is a great person.

Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

Lady Milbanke

Here's a new portrait of Sir John Milbanke's attractive wife, who is one of London's best Australian decorations. Neither here nor in real life does she look like the mother of two nearly-grown-up sons, but Lord Loughborough is eighteen and his brother a year younger. The late Lord Loughborough was her first husband; she married Sir John Milbanke in 1928. The Milbanke family is a very old Yorkshire one (the baronetcy goes back to 1661), but no longer owns any land up there. Lady Milbanke and her husband have a house in Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood

Swaebe

Honourables

Peter Pleydell-Bouverie is Lord Radnor's youngest brother, and Eileen Brougham is Lord Brougham's only sister, and they were at the Café de Paris

"Mona Lisa"

The Hon. Mrs. "Taffy" Rodd wears clothes unlike anyone else's; this particular dress was in purple and scarlet, designed specially for her and called "Mona Lisa." She wore it at the Hungaria

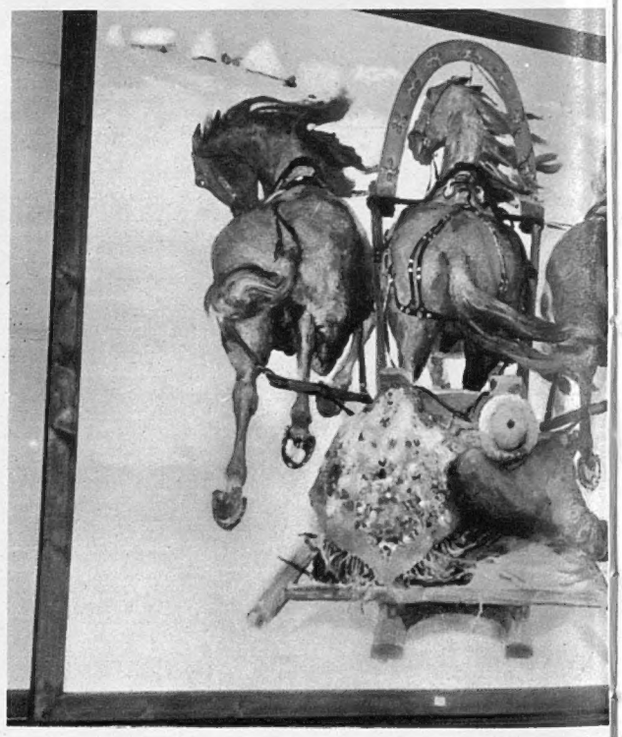
Watching

The King and Queen of Siam were at the and saw "Les Girls" making their con

THE LON

Left: there is David Jagger and the portrait of himself he painted after he'd broken his glasses and not in a nightmare, as the story goes. His exhibition of paintings is being opened to-day at the Leger Gallery, in Bond Street, by the Duke of Atholl

David Jagger and His Portrait



A Russian Artist Shows

Those excitingly Slavonic horses with their the picture "Troika," which Phillipe artist, is showing in his exhibition at the "Troika" is very similar to a painting by bought by the late King Alexander

Left: Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Mr. Shane Leslie, Miss Vivian Leigh, and Mrs. Clare Sheridan went to the first night of "Rivals!"

DON SCENE

Swaebe

"Les Girls"

Dorchester for supper one night last week, tribution to the gaiety of the London scene

Irish Entrance

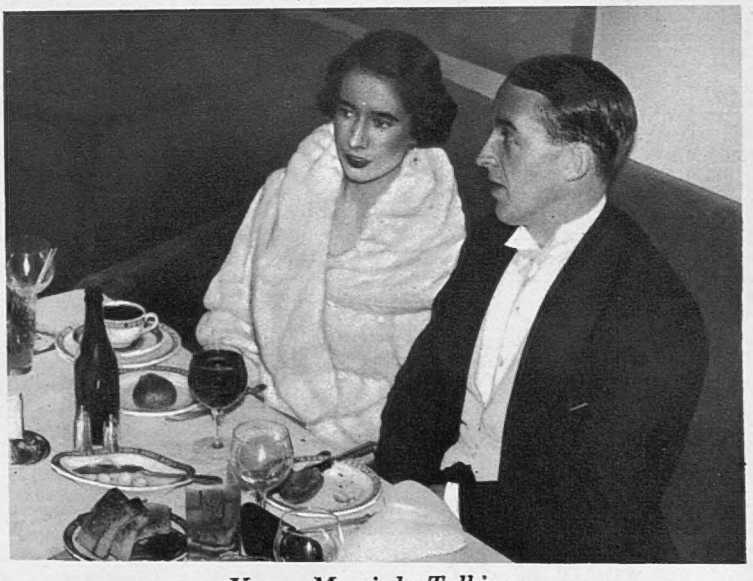
Lady Grenfell and Major Humphrey Butler were on their way in to the Café de Paris for supper. She was Betty Shaughnessy, and he is Equerry to the Duke of Kent

Swaebe

Supper - Party

Sir Hugh Seely and Lady Long, Lady O'Neill's sister, were in the same party for supper at the Café de Paris

Below: Lord and Lady Birkenhead, she in a lovely ermine coat, also spent an evening at the Café de Paris, where the Yacht Club Boys are the thing



Young-Marrieds Talking

His Work

heads towards home are in Maliavine, the Russian New Burlington Galleries. the same artist which was of Yugoslavia last year

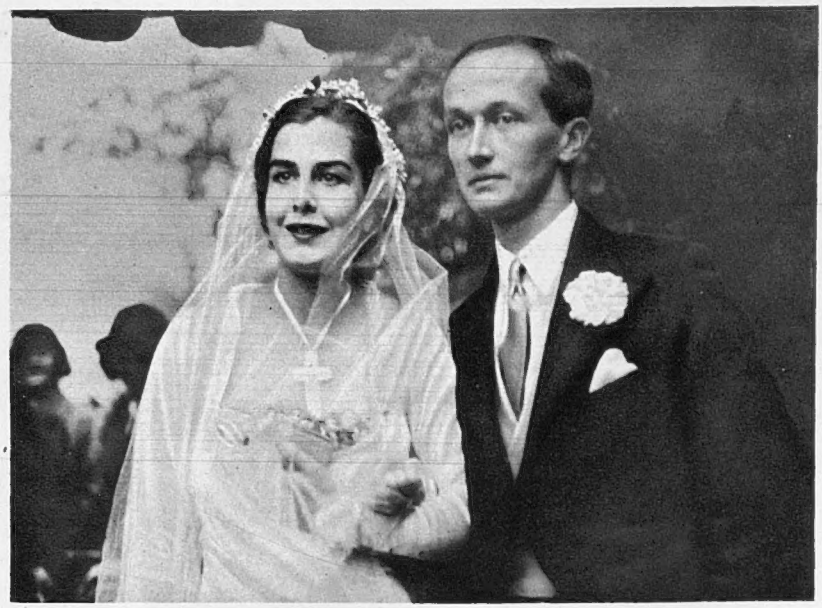
Young-Marrieds Dancing

Lord and Lady O'Neill danced and talked and steered their way in and out of the crowd that invariably goes for the dance floor after the cabaret

Right: the Hon. Esmé Glyn, Miss Beatrice Grosvenor, and Lady Katherine Howard are helping to run the Red Cross Ball on November 27th

The Browne-Clayton—Jardine Wedding

William Patrick Browne-Clayton, 12th Lancers, only son of Brig.-General R. C. Browne-Clayton, of Browne's Hill, Carlow, and Janet Jardine, elder daughter of Brig.-General and Mrs. J. B. Jardine, of Chesterknowes, Selkirk, were married last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster



The Hon. Lionel Brett and Miss Christian Pike

Lionel Brett, Lord and Lady Esher's only son, and "Pom" Pike, Colonel and Mrs. Ebenezer Pike's elder daughter, were married by Canon "Dick" Sheppard last week at St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield, with a reception the other end of London—St. John's Wood

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Cobbold — Gibson-Watt

Robert Cobbold, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Cobbold, of Tattingstone Park, Ipswich, and Patricia Gibson-Watt, younger daughter of the late Major J. M. Gibson-Watt, and Mrs. Gibson-Watt, of Doldowlod, Radnorshire, had their Thursday wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Capel Cure—Barry

Another St. Margaret's, Westminster, wedding was between George Nigel Capel Cure and Nancy Barry. He is the only son of Major and Mrs. Capel Cure, of Blake Hall, Ongar, Essex, and she is the younger daughter of Mr. William and Lady Grace Barry, of Great Witchingham Hall, Norwich

CAN one be *too* nice about everyone? If you don't like someone, isn't it better to say nothing, and forget all about them? Tell yourself that they don't exist and don't matter and you will find you believe it. The only people to bother about in this world are those who are wise, witty and kind; someone who makes you laugh (*not* at someone else's expense!), someone who is good-natured and who will "take trouble" if necessary. There are hundreds of people eligible for this category, we find, so let the rest go hang.

Why this soliloquy, you ask? Only because we are accused of being too polite on this page; so that's that, and now you know!

A Super-Super Flat

GOODNESS, some people are stupid! We are asked if "Chuck" Naegelé, famous pianist, is Anna Neagle's brother! No, he isn't, but he is as good a pianist as she is a film star, and it 's more difficult.

"Chuck" is very young and attractive, and was the star guest at a supper-party Mr. Bob Lebus gave at his super-super upper part (such modesty!) on Wednesday night. Everyone came on from cinemas and theatres, and it was great fun. Eddie Tatham appeared after his really drastic attack of 'flu; paler, thinner and younger beyond belief.

Mrs. Maugham who, we hear, had given a lovely cocktail-party the day before, was there; Lady Colefax, in a cape of blue foxes, admired Mr. Lebus's good taste in décor; Mrs. Fleitman, in a becoming bright-green dress, was

Miss Dodo Annesley and Escort

Mr. Bob Markham was Miss Dodo Annesley's escort to a film first night. She is Mrs. James Annesley's youngest daughter, her two sisters being Mrs. Nigel Norman and Mrs. Kit Burlison

planning a trip to America apparently. Mrs. Christian Holmes, newly arrived from New York, was there with her son Carl, who "couldn't be nicer" and has a house in Hertfordshire, amusingly named "The Node." In the very early hours Mr. Ivor Newton—the world's best accompanist—and Mr. Naegelé showed us that a pickled baby grand is not meant to be only a side-table on which to perch lilies and a priceless piece of brocade.

A Bright-Red Parting

TEA may be an old-fashioned meal, but it's fun when you meet a young couple like the Prince and Princess Bijawar.

We found them at Lady Moira Combe's one afternoon last week. The Princess is the daughter of the Maharajah of Patiala, and was wearing a heavenly sari of red, black and gold. Her hair is worn in a long pigtail, and her centre parting is stained red, as though a particularly bright lipstick had been drawn down it.

How many of you (if any) have seen a real Indian turban unwound and wound on again? The Prince very obligingly did the trick for us, and because the mirrors in Lady Moira's large drawing-room are too high for any ordinary use, he manipulated those yards and yards of gauze practically blindfold. They are off to Italy at any moment, and are sailing for India from Naples, after a four-months' exploration of London, Paris, Ireland and Scotland.

Lady Moira's mother, the Dowager Countess of Clonmell, was there that day. She has dark eyes, snow-white hair, a complexion few debutantes can compete with, and a beautiful sense of humour.

Hobbies of Husbands

ENGLISHWOMEN, like the smartest Parisiennes, wear black as a sort of daytime uniform. Mrs. Ormond Lawson Johnston gave a hen luncheon at her lovely new Sloane Street house the other day, and seven out of the eight guests were in "mourning"; the exception being Miss Mala Brand, mink-coated and hatless, as usual.

Lady Sackville told us of her husband's affection for dancing; Mrs. John Goodenday spoke of the interest hers takes in music; Mrs. McCorquodale was enthusiastic over her clever brother's political career. He is standing for one of the Birmingham divisions in the near future, and she is going up to help him. We can imagine her as a fluent and persuasive speaker, and of immense help in a good cause.

A Family Man

THE unofficial pay cocktail-party before lunch at the Ritz is in full swing again. We think the little season is really much more fun than the hectic and more formal entertainments in May and June. We ran into Lady Warwick, looking divine in black velvet and talking to Mr. "Green Hat" Arlen, who has arrived over here with his wife and children. It's difficult to think of that slick, immaculate young author as a family man, but there it is, and his beloved Mayfair is delighted to see him and his lovely "Atalanta" again.

A Famous Protégée

A GOOD many yawns and groans that morning because Mr. John Sutro's party the night before had been such a good one. It was Merle Oberon's farewell, and starting soberly and conversationally around eleven, was a riot of fun when we left about three.

Artist-photographer Beaton was in great form; Lady Castlerosse looked lovely in pale blue; Mr. Korda looked in to say good-bye to his famous little protégée; Miss Kit Dunn, much thinner, was with her very nice brother-in-law, Anthony Jenkinson; the Patrick Davisons and Sir Alfred Beit left early.

Pretty Mary Booker sat in a corner with Sir Cedric and Lady Hardwicke. She is one of the few people who really can wear flowers in their hair at night. She could trail a fruit salad round her iron-grey curls and get away with it!

Mrs. James Horlick

Is the good-looking mother of two attractive daughters, Mrs. Kenneth Wagg and Ursula Horlick. She wore day clothes and no hat for a recent film première

Mrs. Rupert Byass and Mrs. Charles Sweeny

Right: Mrs. Rupert Byass and Mrs. Sweeny, well furred, were at Captain "Jumbo" Jolliffe's farewell cocktail-party for the Maharajah of Rajpipla, who sails for India this week

GOING OUT TO GOINGS - ON (Continued)

Always the Same Cry!

WE had met the Hardwickes at lunch with Merle Oberon at Grosvenor House the day before. What an amusing man he is, with a fund of good stories and a divine sense of humour. He told us about one well-known first-nighter—a gentleman who manages to get the same seat in every gallery, never claps or makes a sound until the curtain falls, but always calls out "Rubbish!" at the end of the author's speech! And when Sir Cedric was playing in *The Apple Cart* some years ago, there was an occasion when shouts of "Rubbish!" and worse words to that effect were heard from somewhere in the theatre, and no one could trace the interrupter. At last, in an empty box, a very inebriated gentleman was discovered lying on the floor!

Some Party

PUNCH'S Club are having one of their lovely parties again. It is to be on December 3rd at the Dorchester. The cabaret has not yet been decided upon, but it 's sure to be some party.

Another evening that we look forward to is the boxing tournament arranged by the Ex-Service Welfare Society on November 4th at the Stadium Club.

The Prince of Wales has promised to attend, and as Lord Lonsdale is President of the tournament, and Lord Westmorland is one of the well-known sportsmen on the committee, you can imagine that it is certain to be a worth-while entertainment. Miss Jeanne Stourton, Miss "Tiny" Dennistoun Sword and the Paget twins are "assisting."

The Thrill of the Evening

WE cannot refer to a charity entertainment without a mention of Mrs. Leslie Gamage's ball, in aid of infant welfare, at Covent Garden on November 7th. Mrs. Gamage does the entire thing herself and every penny goes to this very deserving charity. Incidentally, she manages to make you think you are at one of the best parties you have ever been to. Covent Garden is an exciting place for a ball, anyway. Boxes crowded with familiar faces gaze down on the throng of dancers. The big collection, when cheques, notes and mere coins are thrown down on to an enormous sheet, is one of the thrills of the evening.

Wild Excitement

CAPTAIN "JUMBO" JOLLIFFE gave an enormous cocktail-party at the Chesterfield Salon on Wednesday, really as an official farewell to the Maharajah of Rajpipla. We have never seen more people gathered together for the purpose of drinking bronxes, martinis and white-ladies!

Among the first we noticed were Mr. and Mrs. Corlette Glorney, who are giving a party on November 5th; Mrs. Quinney Gilbey, in a lovely mink coat and a state of wild excitement at having won the first half of her Cesarewitch-Cambridgeshire double (here 's luck, Romie!); Lord and Lady Northesk, beaming with natural good nature and the effect of a healthy country life. They are a grand couple. Pretty Sylvia Allen, who used to reduce us all to hysterics with her serious interpretation of the aristocratic Scout-Mistress in *Young England*, was there. She is rehearsing now with Ramon Novarro and Doris Kenyon for the new play at His Majesty's.

We were sorry to learn of his mother's illness from Mr. Jim Sainsbury, that good-looking and hard-working young man, who looked in. Lord Brecknock we remember somewhere in the crush, and two decorative Miss Roches, one contemplating a trip out East, and the other with ideas of revisiting America.

MISS PEEPS

The Alec Hambros' Daughter is Christened

Mr. and Mrs. Alec Hambro's baby daughter was christened at Canford Magna Church, Dorset, and was called Alexandra Mary. Mrs. Hambro was Baba Beaton; her brother, Cecil (another inhabitant of Dorset), and her sister, Lady Smiley, are on the left

Off and Seeing Off

The Hon. David Rhys has gone to America for six months to study the hotel business from the U.S.A. angle. Lady Anne Rhys hasn't gone with him, but went to Waterloo to see him off

Right: Lady Mary Crewe-Milnes' twelve bridesmaids were Lady Anne Cavendish-Bentinck, Lady Katharine Howard, Jacqueline Vereker, Lavinia Strutt, Ruth Primrose, Elizabeth Coates, Leonora Baring, Ursula Wyndham Beatrice and Rosemary Grosvenor, Jean Innes-Ker and Margaret Stirling

Lady Mary Crewe-Milnes' Bridesmaids

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE

The Duke of Roxburghe and his twenty-year-old bride, Lady Mary Crewe-Milnes, the Marquess and Marchioness of Crewe's daughter, are both godchildren of the Queen, who went to the reception at Crewe House after their pageant of a wedding at Westminster Abbey. Lady Mary Crewe-Milnes, who wore chalk-white romaine and carried a white bouquet, had her bridesmaids in flame-colour; she had three children, including Lord Primrose, as trainbearers, and twelve grown-ups. The Duke of Roxburghe's regiment, the Blues, supplied an impressive guard of honour

Sasha

Through a Glass—Lightly

Markova and Dolin Rehearse

Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin are working at top speed with their company of forty dancers to be ready for the opening of their season. They start with a provincial tour on November 11th and come to the Duke of York's Theatre on December 23rd. The company is a new organisation, formed since Markova left the Vic-Wells in the summer, is called the Markova-Dolin Ballet, and is to have a repertoire of sixteen ballets, including six new ones. This particular pas-de-deux rehearsal happened in Dolin's studio in Glebe Place, Chelsea; the big mirror is a practice necessity as well as a decoration and a reflector for the camera

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

AFTER mysteriously holding up the auction of the papers of Lord Stuart de Rothesay, British Ambassador in Paris during the Waterloo period, the Foreign Office have returned them, after "careful examination," to Sotheby's for sale, having kept back only a couple of portfolios for the F.O. archives. "It was believed," explains Auntie *Times*, "that certain documents were of a nature which should preclude them from being made public." Were they, would you think, exciting? Inside stuff about the Iron Duke? More lowdown on that fellow Bonaparte, who, as the Duke once remarked, was No Gentleman? We just wondered, in our lazy way, what exactly *would* constitute an exciting document involving these two immortal warriors. We came to the conclusion that it would be an Ambassadorial report of a secret meeting between them, say, in Brussels. Wellington would be bleak and gruff as usual; Napoleon his usual masterful self. This conversation would take place:

NAP.: So I 'm no gentleman, Wellington?

WELL.: That 's right, Bonaparte.

NAP.: You mean *me*? *I* 'm no gentleman?

WELL.: That 's right, Bonaparte.

NAP.: You mean that?

(WELL. nods in a surly way.)

NAP.: What d'you mean, I 'm no gentleman?

AMBASSADOR: He just means, sir, you 're not *a gentleman*.

NAP.: What, me?

WELL.: That 's right, Bonaparte.

NAP.: I suppose you think because you 've got a big nose you 're everybody, Wellington?

WELL.: Never mind my nose, Bonaparte.

NAP. (sneering): I bet it 's a cardboard one.

At that moment Napoleon's hand flies out, and he takes a pull at Wellington's great beak, which comes away, revealing the dainty, laughing snub or retroussé nozzle of a rosy-cheeked little governess named Elsie Wapshott, who, having a natural gift for commanding armies in the field, had called at the War Office one day, sent up a card engraved "IRON DUKE," and, of course, got the job. Bonaparte's caddish act, fortunately, had no effect.

"Oh, you *are* awful," said Elsie Wapshott, or Wellington, peevishly. "Can't he *ever* act the gentleman?" she asked, as Bonaparte stamped his way out. (The answer was, of course, in the negative.) That 's the sort of document we 'd like to think the F.O. have impounded. Tcha, tcha!

Quiet Flows the Don

THERE seems to be a bit of worriment at Oxford over a new University Statute enforcing retirement on dons at the age of sixty-five. This interests us, too. If the age limit *is* sixty-five, it is absurdly early. At sixty-five, the average don is just awakening, with awe and wonder in his rheumy blue eyes, to some of the simple Facts of Life. Little birdies hop in at his window and whisper, very early in the morning. From the glazed expressions in morning Chapel you can see what a terrible shock it often is.

The nicest old Oxford don we know has a charming habit, whenever the loyal toast is drunk, of exclaiming in a piping voice, quavering with emotion: "King George — God Bless Him!" After a dignified pause he adds: "And his Royal Consort, Queen Caroline of Brunswick—God Bless Her, too!" The fact is that since about 1839 the Master and Fellows of his college have given up arguing with him. Nevertheless, the dear old man—a History Don, incidentally—is loved by all, and may often be heard in Common Room declaiming to the listening Fellows against the horrors of modern warfare — the shriek of the great round cannon-balls, the frightful sabres, the tossing plumes, and the broken square.

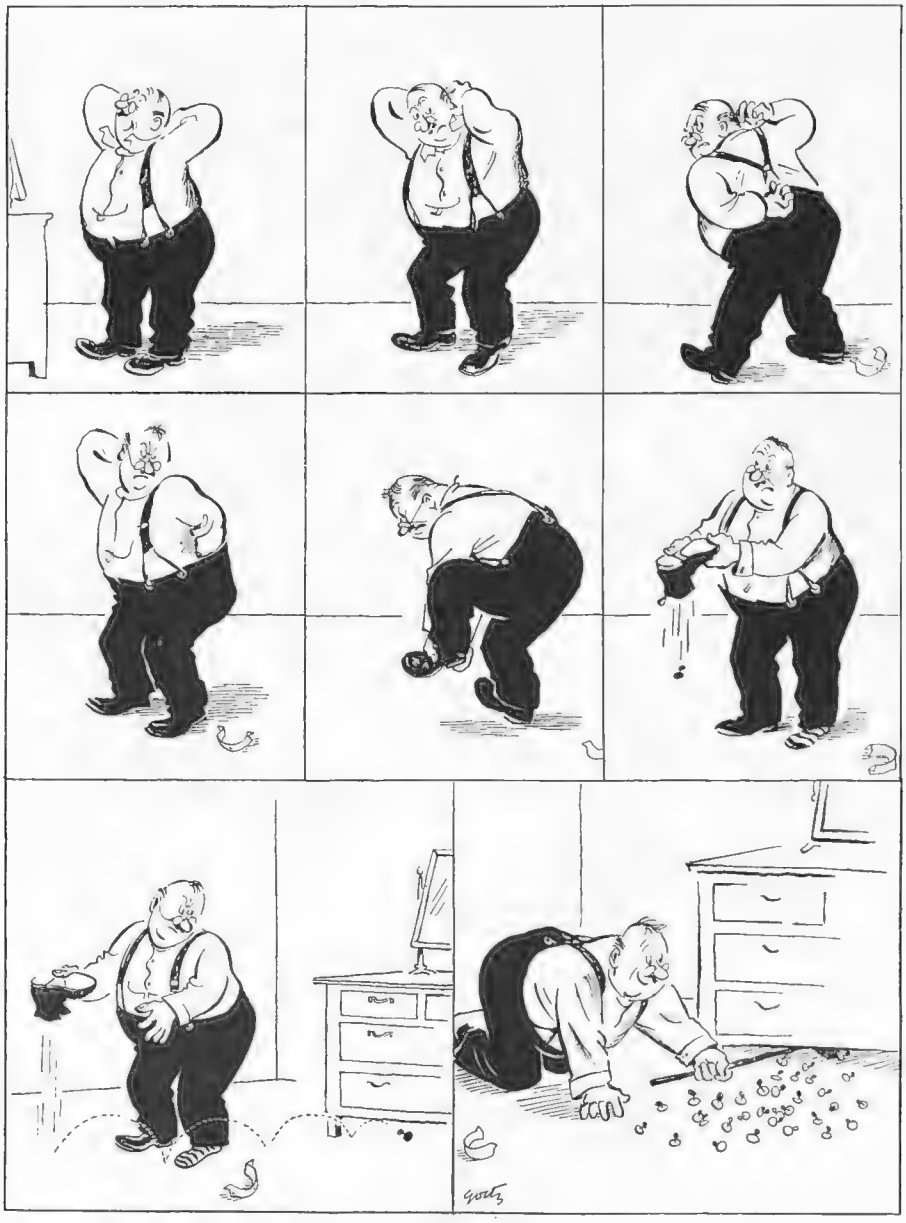
"What 's afoot to-day, milord?"

The above is one of the more decorous sketches to be found in Patrick Bellew's new book of joke-drawings, "Point of View." The publishers are Arthur Barker, Ltd., and the price is ten-and-sixpence

Excuse Our Pants

WITH the mildest of curiosity, we noted the annual parade of the Order of Crusaders the other Sunday, observing (as once or twice before) the unfortunate effect, æsthetically speaking, of Crusaders' tunics and mantles worn with (*a*) rimless pince-nez and (*b*) trousers. Surely a body of irreproachable, if vague, moral purpose ought to be able to find some way of coping with this problem, seeing that its ritual includes rather impressive business with sword and oath, and its hierarchy such dignified titles as Grand Abbot and Grand Sword-Bearer?

This is no light query. Trousers are the decorative stumbling-block of the age, and the sculptors' scourge. In America, where they have a greater passion for secret



The Stud

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 54.—Liam O'Flaherty

OCH, shure Dublin is the city
That was in a sorry ploight,
There was ructions in the daytoime
And " blue murther ", called by noight,
When the bhoys, well-filled with potheen,
Tried to set the place aloight,
And O'Flaherty watched their antics and
Put them down in black and whoite.

When the Thruble was a-thrublin'
Wid the hated Black and Tan,
When informers was informin',
And when plots was in the van,
When the finger of suspicion
Pointed shtraight at iv'ry man,
Shure, then Liam wrote about it all
As no other gossoon can.

Though his wroitings make your flesh creep
Wid their tales of ruthless fate,
Liam 's just as noice a fellow
As you 'd ivver hope to mate,
And his knowledge of Ould Oireland's
Funny ways is foine and great,
And for ruthless realism he 's
A lad who can't be bate.

B. W.

societies and dressing up and elaborate ceremonial than we, and every third citizen is an Elk, a Mason, a Kiwani, an Oddfellow, a Moose, a Red Man, an Owl, a Woodman, a Maccabee, or a Knight of Pythias, they aren't made unhappy by trousers, simply because they don't know of anything better. The whole of American history, practically, is trousered. Hence they can't feel, as we do, that trousers are agony and death to any kind of stately costume, unless covered up completely by some sort of gown. Can you imagine the Lord Chief Justice in a short scarlet tunic and trousers ?

Another thing about trousers is that they show up shortness of leg and so detract from human dignity. Lytton Strachey remarked pensively that the great and godlike Arnold of Rugby looked a bit stumpy in frock coat and trousers. In a brocade dressing-gown Arnold probably looked like lightning-crowned Jove himself. It 's all very well to say these things aren't important, but do you think Cæsar could have conquered the world in a bowler hat ?

Played, Sir !

ONE of the special correspondent boys struck a welcome note for decency a few days ago. Commenting severely on the appearance of Italian troops passing through the Suez Canal, he noted that although " cropped hair, broad shoulders and wiry bodies gave them a ferocious aspect . . . discipline was lax. Many men had not shaved." This reminds us of the story of the Brigadier. The Brigadier stood by the roadside watching his infantry brigade tearing past like mad to the rear after a crashing reverse. Stout colonels lolloped along like four-year-olds. Regimental-sergeant-majors with high blood-pressure ran like hares. In the middle of the fugitive mob a regimental chaplain was borne along, expostulating with cultured gestures in a high Oxford tenor. The Brigadier watched the rout grimly, dry-eyed ; in his many years of gallant service he had lost more than one brigade like this, and won many ribbons. At length he turned to one of his staff. " Er—chrm. Hrm ! I see their *buttons* are clean," he remarked with a grudging smile. That is what we call a real military story, and an agreeable pendant to what the special correspondent boy says about the unshaven Italians. The moral is clear—or isn't it ? Only smoothly shaven troops are good fighters. The same applies to artillery. Only well-polished pieces can fire straight. Many of the French batteries we saw during the war were a disgrace. Harness was dull, and some of the horses hadn't even got their manes waved. Is it cricket ?

Sob Story

ANYTHING less interesting than the Atlantic telephone chat between M. Dionne, father of the Ontario quintuplets, and Mr. Harmsworth, father of the Stoke Newington quadruplets, we 've never heard since Benjamin Disraeli, first Lord Beaconsfield, got his head in a bucket. The busy little *Express*, which can never leave anything alone, arranged it all, and almost directly they were connected, Mr. Harmsworth and M. Dionne were talking away like lifelong buddies. " The extraordinary thing which had happened to them both made them so intimate," remarked their beaming Shoe Lane benefactor, " that they might have been close friends for years." (Happened to *them* ! We like that !) Nevertheless, whoever inspired their little piece for each of them didn't do it very well. For example, Mr. Harmsworth told M. Dionne he had three other children, girls.

" Mon Dieu ! " said M. Dionne. " That is good, too, but not quite as good as my family. I have six other children."

" My ! " said Mr. Harmsworth, " so that makes eleven ! "

" Eleven," said M. Dionne solemnly.

Anyone with any feeling for dramatic narrative would have been impelled to write in another line for M. Dionne here. E.g. :

" Eleven," said M. Dionne solemnly.

" And what the hell," added M. Dionne, grinding his teeth, " if I have much more trouble from these fool newspapers I 'll make it twenty-five, and chance it."

Thus leading up to some real tense, human stuff :

" That would be fine," said Mr. Harmsworth, laughingly.

"Fine my foot!" shouted M. Dionne. "It would be lousy. Get me? It would be terrible and lousy and awful and beastly and inconvenient and EXCESSIVE and BAROQUE and UNPRECEDENTED and TENDENCIOUS and DEFIBULATING." As he spoke, M. Dionne grasped two hooks in the wall firmly and, giving a desperate heave, pulled the house down, burying Our Special Correspondent and five other busybodies in the ruins.

That 's a much better story, with more human interest in a single line than the other thing 's got altogether.

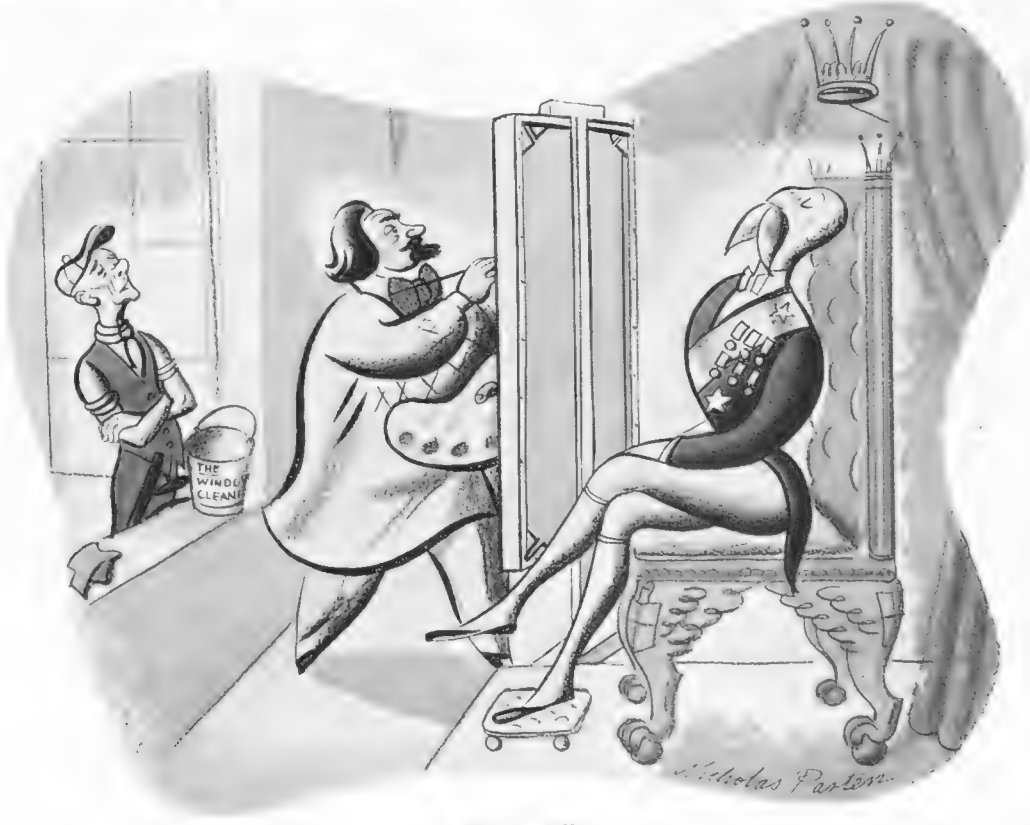
"B.O.P."

To celebrate its recent fifty-eighth birthday, the *Boy's Own Paper* went back to sixpence, amid the shrill cheers of a thousand prep. schools. It gave us a warm feeling. We haven't seen the *B.O.P.* for many years. It used to be, with *Chums*, and a little later *The Captain*, a weekly splash of pure gold in our multicoloured life. We especially remember the stories of Gordon Stables—highly deleterious adventure stories full of hairy and heroic Scotsmen swaggering about the world despising all the civilised amenities. Till the age of fourteen, we really believed that Scotsmen were God's Elect—a monstrous superstition imposed on innocent British childhood by the man Stables, doubtless for a handsome bribe. When we were older we took to *The Captain*, in which P. G. Wodehouse was beginning to kick his jovial heels; and the odd thing is that early Wodehouse school stories are as good to read now as they were then. Can the same be said of (e.g.) James Joyce?

"It was neck and neck, Faughntlet, down the Brighton Road"

Zero Hour

The newest "war" in Wardour Street, waged on either side by non-Aryan troops with glittering eyes and terrible manners, wouldn't amuse you even if we explained it. It 's got something to do with film-renters, a group of exhibitors, a merger, a boycott; boring in the extreme. What we are hoping is that sooner or later somebody will insult the old Gaumont - British flag. Then something spectacular may happen. However spectacular it is, we 'll bet it 's also as slow as death, like other British filmcraft.



"Not bad"

The old flag, gold and blue, floats proudly enough at the moment over the huge Gaumont-British bastille citadel, or fortress, in Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush. At sunset all the Gaumont-British troops parade under the battlements, commanded by General Hitchcock or General Victor Savile. A salute is blown on a Wurlitzer, a hoarse order is given, and the flag is struck. Generally a cheap blonde "extra" is buried alive after the ceremony, to show it 's not mere fooling. The great iron gates are then swung to for the night, opening only for the entry of some proud Ostrer or Balcon in his vast golden limousine, half-glimpsed among the cushions; stern, pallid, silent, enigmatic, like all men of destiny and iron. At dawn the flag is run up again, amid the huzzas of the servile populace. How do we know all this? Our aunt is a spy.

THE BYSTANDERS.

"Didn't I meet you once pig-sticking in Poona?"

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

Windlestraws in the Wind

Johnnie Windlestraw (Denys Blakelock) as the acting head of the family, after administering a little salutary corporal punishment to his younger brother

"The Black Eye" (Shaftesbury Theatre)

JAMES BRIDIE'S latest play is labelled "a novelette in dialogue," but, unlike other novelettes, a heroine is conspicuous by her absence, and the young hero restores the family fortunes through the kind help of one of the villains of the piece.

Also there is certainly nothing novellette-y about the Windlestraw family, to whom we are introduced at a time of crisis. The younger son, George, begins the day by learning that he has just been ploughed for the fourth time in an important exam, proceeds to tell his worried sire just why he won't go into the family business, and throws in a good chunk of ingenuously youthful philosophy as a make-weight, returns home at midnight considerably more hiccoughy than humble, and promptly proceeds to fall for Elspeth, the girl to whom his plodding elder brother expects to become engaged. Not a bad day for a youngster of twenty-two!

Samuel Samuels (Ralph Roberts) may be a shady card, but he is a fair gambler

Right: George (Stephen Haggard) in all the glory of the outsize in black eyes he receives as a reward for having saved the family fortunes

Sketches by Rouson

Mrs. Windlestraw (Jean Cadell) combines a fondness for patience with a loathing of chimney-sweeps

However, this is merely a flea-bite compared to his later exploits, for when his father is injured in a car smash, he has a strenuous tussle with the firm's books, discovers that bankruptcy is almost inevitable, and winds up a good day's work with a frightful row with brother John over the lady in the case. Whereupon he sets out to restore the family fortunes by going to Glasgow and writing—or, rather, purloining—newspaper articles to sell to rival papers.

Within twenty-four hours he has won a small fortune from a Hebrew ex-convict who foolishly challenges him to a game of roulette, and having put the entire lot on a rank outsider at 33 to 1, has the added satisfaction of stinging the "bookie" to the tune of £8500. Whereupon he and his new friend, now both well and truly "under the influence," raise Cain in a fashionable hotel, from which George is rescued by an indignant brother and a still-infatuated Elspeth, who demands a family council of war. This ends in a fight between the brothers, at which the family show not the slightest concern, and at which Elspeth is so disgusted that she shakes the Windlestraw dust from off her feet, leaving the family in an atmosphere of peace and plenty.

GEORGE, delightfully played by Stephen Haggard, is so full of energy that he keeps popping out in front of the curtain to tell us all about the why and the wherefore of his actions, and although a psycho-analytical compère is by no means necessary in so lighthearted a play, his action serves to tide over the waits between scenes very satisfactorily.

Jean Cadell as the placid, imperturbable mother, and Ralph Roberts as the ex-convict capture most of the laughs and share the honours with Stephen Haggard; while Denys Blakelock as the humourless elder brother and Jill Esmond as the girl he doesn't marry both give excellent character-studies.

There is humour in plenty and more than a little pawky Scottish philosophy in *The Black Eye*, but the moral it points seems to be scarcely an uplifting one, and boils down to "A wild gamble is better than a mild stagnation," or, in the words of the racecourse tipster, "If you don't speculate, you can't accumulate." But this is an age, we are assured, in which the "go-getter" comes not only into his own, but also into a good deal of other people's, and it cannot be denied that young George,

• Second Thoughts on First Nights (Continued)

Sketches by Rouson of "Espionage," at the Apollo Theatre

Left: Mrs. Lancing (Marion Lorne) has a positive genius for dithering into and out of trying situations

Right: playing the waiting game: Hans the Waiter (Eric Maturin), a would-be assassin, is foiled by Chief of Police Kresh (J. H. Roberts), who masquerades as a waiter of another sort to protect the too amorous Dr. Kronsky (Frank Cellier)

even if he did acquire a black eye as a result of his adventures, also acquired red gold—or its paper equivalent.

Mr. Bridie has given us a thoroughly entertaining play in which the probabilities are cheerfully swept aside without in the least detracting from the value of the "novelette"; in fact, just because *The Black Eye is* a beauty, it is not likely to be closed for many a long day.

"Espionage" (Apollo Theatre)

To confine the whole of one act of a play to the interior of a railway train and then to introduce over twenty characters might suggest an overcrowding more in keeping with an Ealing District Railway train at the rush hour than the Ostend-Istamboul Orient Express, wherein the action actually takes place. But Mr. Walter Hackett is too skilful a dramatist to overload his canvas in any such inartistic a manner, and, by the help of three most ingeniously constructed sets, we are able to see not only the corridor of a railway coach, but also the interior of its several compartments—to say nothing of a restaurant-car—and as the *rapide* dashes across Europe we are introduced to the train's most important passengers and crew in the most natural manner possible.

Prominent among the former is Mrs. Lancing, who hails, not from Sussex-by-the-Sea, but from London. Ostensibly, she is chaperoning two bright young things who are doing a 1935 version of the Grand Tour, but judging from the perpetual state of dither and fluster in which she seems to exist, it would seem that her wards are in a much better position to look after *her*. This somewhat uncharitable opinion is strengthened when a frontier is reached and a pleasant and plausible young man who has lost his passport persuades her to share her double one with him to save himself from arrest, Mr. Lancing not having chosen to join his spouse on the trip.

Naturally, this entails the two having to share a double compartment on the train. When Dr. Kronsky, the dictator of a State situated conveniently vaguely in the heart of Mittel-Europa, whose interest in international politics is exceeded only by his interest in international beauties, who is a passenger on the train, is attacked by a would-be assassin, and when the latter is shot by the chief of the Secret Police, who is masquerading as the chief attendant of the dining-car, all the passengers are locked in their carriages for the night. Which is more than a little awkward for Mrs. Lancing!

However, the young man is the model of decorum, and when he and Mrs. Lancing are interrogated the next morning, everything goes swimmingly until the latter lets slip the unfortunate truth that she is not Mrs. Lancing at all but her unmarried sister. Then they are well and truly sunk.

Naturally, they come up for the third time and the third act, which takes place in a Swiss hotel and an atmosphere thick with spies, Secret Service agents, and plot and counter-plot. The spurious Mrs. Lancing, entirely by accident, confounds villainy and thwarts plotters, till the curtain falls on her and the young man strolling off in the moonlight to view the lake—or whatever the local excuse is.

Marion Lorne has been given one of the parts of her life by her dramatist-husband, and her ditherings and twitterings are as amusing as they always are. Incidentally, the little pantomime in which she indulges while struggling to lift down her suit-cases in a jolting, swaying train, is truly delightful. Frank Cellier as Dr. Kronsky and J. H. Roberts as the police chief make those two dignitaries a hundred per cent. convincing; Eric Maturin is an arch-villain who is much more villainous than arch, and Edwin Styles as the passportless young secret agent is appropriately mysterious and charming by turns.

If no other good has come from Geneva's League dog-fights, they are almost justified if they gave Mr. Hackett the idea for this most amusing play.

• Passing Showmen

No. 2. Mrs. Morgan—and Organ

MRS. WINIFRED MORGAN, war-worker in a poison-gas factory, contracted a disease in her fingers, and was told when she came out of hospital that she was too old (over forty) for her job. Just when her savings were gone a friend called Marie gave her some advice. "Muster up your courage," Marie said, "and go singing in pubs." So Mrs. Morgan sang "Aileen Alanna" outside the Elephant and Castle and took 2½d. her first evening. She soon did better, bought her organ with a pound lent by a friend, and paid back the loan by degrees. Now she lives in Hereford Street, Marylebone, and says she keeps very well, except for indigestion, which she attributes to having no teeth and being addicted to eating cucumbers

John Everard

PASSING SHOWMEN:

Familiar Figures in the London Scene

No. 2.

Mrs. Morgan—and Organ

As Alicia in "The Haunted Ballroom"

Margot Fonteyn

The New Ballerina at Sadler's Wells

In the Walton-Ashton Ballet, "Façade"

MARGOT FONTEYN made a positively startling début as Sadler's Wells ballerina: the critics were in raptures, and the Wells audience, having lost their adored Markova, took her immediately to their noisily enthusiastic heart. She's only sixteen, and has been with the Vic-Wells ballet just two years; she was a pupil of Astafieva's—her last before her death. She danced her first solo rôle last year in Constant Lambert's *Rio Grande*, and was outstandingly good as the barbaric little Creole Girl. Her début this year was in *Rendezvous*, in Markova's part; she also dances very beautifully in *The Haunted Ballroom*, and looks strangely like Markova in her fringe and the long white lace dress. In *Façade* also she has succeeded Markova, who created the polka for the Camargo Society; Margot Fonteyn catches exactly the gay and ridiculous spirit of the ballet, which is the wittiest, most attractive piece of burlesque imaginable. The photographic décor here is with apologies to John Armstrong, who is responsible for the ballet's amusing setting and dresses

Photographs by Anthony

"The Passing of the Third Floor Back"

Cathleen Nesbitt as Mrs. Tomkin, the mercenary mother, and Beatrix Lehmann as Miss Kyte, "the no-longer-young snob," are two of the excellently chosen cast in the Gaumont-British film of Jerome K. Jerome's story, which Berthold Viertel directed. It started its run at the New Gallery last week

Mary Clare gives a grand shrewish performance as Miss Sharpe, the boarding-house keeper, but the star of the evening is little Rene Ray as 'Stasia, maid-of-all-work and ex-reformatory girl. She is perfect as the frightened, brave, impertinent, sensitive child, whom the Stranger came to help

• FILMS of the DAY

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

Bloomsbury, Barbary, and *Again* Vienna

"The Passing of the Third Floor Back" is theatrically a classic. The film made from Jerome K. Jerome's inspiration in some ways surpasses its origin. The idea is there, the characterisation is most admirably handled, and the variations on a theme provide a change of scene which is welcome. I have often felt that economy in settings has killed many a nearly good play. A slight lethargic despondency sets in when, having gazed at the chintz-covered chairs and curtains of the So-and-So's drawing-room, doors r. and l., French windows back opening to garden, with the inevitable herbaceous border painted on the back-cloth, for forty minutes, one reads in the programme: "The Same: 12 hours (or 12 months) later." Life to-day makes us dread "The Same," even if something different is something worse, as it generally is.

Films can, and sometimes do, give us relief from The Same. And yet film-makers seem always to be excavating among the ruins of past success, theatrical and literary, and ignoring the present, which is the most thrilling and possibly the most transient moment in history.

So be it. Here is a pre-war play made into a pre-another-war film. It does not date, because the theme—the fight between good and evil—is coeval in every age.

The story is too familiar to need recapitulation. The arrival of a Stranger in a Bloomsbury private hotel (heaven forbid that we should invade such privacy!), where the proprietress is mercenary, the little servant from a reform school is overworked to the verge of ill-treatment, a pair of indignant and indigent gentlepeople are trying to sell their daughter to a vulgar profiteer slum landlord, and a woman, once beautiful, who has missed everything she thought life owed her, tries to keep up appearances with the aid of cosmetics and a malicious tongue. . . . The young architect and the musician selling mechanical music are theatrical and geometrical stop-gaps.

The Stranger, who comes in answer to the little servant's heart-cry for "one decent person in the world," is obviously a Christ, or an understudy of Christ, who will resolve all problems and convert inhuman nature. The spirit of evil to combat the effects of godliness is conveniently placed in the profiteer landlord. Let me say here and now that Frank Cellier, in this part, is the outstanding member of the cast. His characterisation is so perfect that one is never for a moment conscious of *acting*. The vulgarity, shrewdness, indomitability of the character are instinct in every gesture and every intonation. I have never seen a better piece of character-acting, on stage or screen, and in the big scene between Conrad Veidt and Cellier, the latter takes all the honours.

Veidt, in yet another of his Christ-like parts, is too static. His voice and delivery are enchanting, but he is handicapped by an impermeable toupet and too-well-cut clothes. His final gesture of farewell is not merely inadequate, it is inept. He is not a man, nor is he, in that make-up, a god; he is only a theme, and the hypnotic eyes close-ups are out of tune with the otherwise realistic treatment.

The fortuitous, violent and accidental elimination of the bad man is artistically and ethically shocking, and the palpably sham geranium might well be cut (or watered!). But drama and sentiment must be served.

Rene Ray as 'Stasia is as good as Hermione Baddeley was in *The Likes o' Her*. Beatrix Lehmann vindicates every claim for stage-craft on the screen as the no-longer-young snob. This is a brilliant sketch. Without any emotional impetus or appeal she makes Miss Kyte a real person during her "harpy" moments, and an adorable person in her heroic moments. After she has rescued 'Stasia from drowning, the clever, would-be-young make-up washed off, she looks so beautiful that one descries a star.

"Barbary Coast" is another of the gold-rush stories, all racket and racketeers, saloons, noise, murders, and what not—good cinema stuff, I always think, if well done, as this is. And *Barbary Coast* is distinguished from its fellows by the really excellent performance of Miriam Hopkins, and the impressive but overdrawn and over-dressed characterisation of Edward G. Robinson. And there is the love-interest, almost in verse, supplied by long-legged Joel McCrea.

Fog plays an important part in the story—not so flattering to the Californian climate! In fog Mary arrives in San Francisco to marry a gold-prospector who has been ruined and bumped off by Louis Chamalis, proprietor of a crooked gambling hell and gangster boss of the city. In fog she escapes again with a young poet in whose hut she has sheltered from the rain after running Louis' roulette wheel and cheating all and sundry, including the poet-lover and, we suspect, the enamoured Chamalis. There are shootings, an impressive hanging—in shadowgraph—humour, chiefly supplied by Walter Brennan as Old Atrocity, lots of noise and *lof*. The "screen-play" is by McArthur and Ben Hecht, and it is directed by Howard Hawks. These facts may mean nothing to you, but they mean good dialogue, good cutting, and good camera work.

"Heart's Desire" is Tauber's latest outburst. With him in the cast are Leonora Corbett and his fiancée, Diana Napier. This is a vocal orgy, but no film should invite one to shut one's eyes, and this is necessary to believe that three pretty women compete for the favour of an unprepossessing musical instrument.

Old Enemies In New Dress

The bad-hearted slum landlord and the saint-like Stranger personify those old antagonists, evil and good, in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Frank Cellier gives a great performance as the villain, authentic in every detail of vulgarity, strength, and cunning. Conrad Veidt plays the Stranger, and is always impressive in a part where his dignity, restraint, and fine appearance contrast with the petty, sordid squabbles and difficulties of the boarding-house crew

The Face T
A Thousan

**Merle Oberon, He
Angel," Has Gone**

Photographs

hat Launched
d Tears . . .

roine of "The Dark
Back to Hollywood

by Peter Clark

THIS is a good-bye look at Merle Oberon until the first news comes of her new Hollywood film. She sailed for America last Wednesday in the Berengaria, to appear in *The Children's Hour* for Samuel Goldwyn. It 's the play about a girls' school that ran on Broadway but couldn't get past the Censor here: the story has been changed a bit for the screen version so that banning will be no danger. No news has filtered through yet as to the rest of the cast or the director. When that job 's over, Merle comes back to Korda again, probably to make her first colour film. In the meantime, *The Dark Angel* reduces its Leicester Square audiences to tears several times a day; it has put Merle Oberon's stock up a lot, though perhaps not so high as to qualify her for a place among the screen's six best actresses

Howard Coster

John Gielgud—Mercutio

What vast contribution Gielgud has made to the London theatre this year. . . . His production of and acting in "Hamlet" was the greatest Shakespeare, then as Noah he carried André Obey's play superbly on his shoulders, and now his production of "Romeo and Juliet" makes Shakespeare again a joyful compulsion for every discriminating theatregoer. At the moment he's playing Mercutio, with Laurence Olivier as Romeo: this only makes his Romeo to Peggy Ashcroft's Juliet the more eagerly awaited. And soon he's going back to film-work for the first time since he played in "The Good Companions" two years ago. The story is Maugham's "Ashenden," under the title "The Secret Agent," with Gielgud as Ashenden, Madeleine Carroll as his partner, Peter Lorre and Robert Young as villains, and Alfred Hitchcock as director — is that good enough?

Sunset and Grass

A camera study shown in the recent exhibition with which Norman Parkinson celebrated the first birthday of his studio

NICKNAMES FOR

What Their

"FOXEY"

Mrs. Josephine Gwynne, who married American columnist Erskine (Vanderbilt) Gwynne in 1926 and divorced recently, is alluring redhead, freckled to match. Conquered Paris in '25. London in '35

"PETA"

Miss Marie Christopher Davis, much publicised pretty daughter of wealthy Mr. Cyril Davis, photographs better than most. Uses peony-coloured lip rouge and ex-deb mannerisms. Is twenty-one

"TOTO"

Miss Catherina Johannanna Koopman arrived from the Dutch West Indies via Paris and New York. Began by posing for fashions. Has grand teeth, pretty jewellery and great success. "Toto" was her father's favourite horse

"CUCKOO"

Mrs. Gordon Leith, christened Gladys, is mother of Rupert Bellville, pilot, and of Tony, whose wife was Audrey Kidston. She and Col. Leith are Monte Carlo devotees

"PINKIE"

Mrs. Edward Baron enjoys comfortable Carreras fortune and the society of two about-to-be-debutante daughters. Ballroom dances like a professional. Real name—Bertha

Right: Miss Sheila Georgina Grizelda Karri-Davies has Irish colouring, sense of fun and ability to make contacts. Lives with mother in Lowndes Square

"GEE"

"TUNIE"

Left: Mrs. Gertrude Lawrence Howley who makes her come-back opposite Noel Coward in his three-plays-per-night programme, is good at rapid repartee à l'Americaine. And so slinky

Below: Madame Ignacio de Landa, better remembered as Madame André Dubonnet, is bi-lingual Parisian with pep, chic and an English-by-marriage-aunt, Lady (Charles) Townshend. "Pussy" was the missing guest at the Heronry fire

"PUSSY"

NOTABLES

Friends Call Them

"DEGGERS"

Mr. Alan Harvey d'Egville, the cartoonist, can be witty with tongue as well as pencil. Is at his best when being "ragged" by Arnold Lunn. A "Peter Pan" sort of person

"XTOPHER"

Mr. Charles ("Christopher") E. W. Mackintosh, who rose to fame as an athlete and the husband of delightful Lady Jean, always signs with his nickname as above

"LUCY"

Lt.-Col. Albert de Lande Long, D.S.O., one of the pioneers of ski-ing and pillars of Mürren, married the beautiful Nan Paterson — Edinburgh's Diana Manners. Lives and sails near Bembridge

"PAM"

Sir Gifford Fox Bt., M.P., is called Gifford only by his wife—handsome Myra née Newton. Acquired "Pam" at the University as a topical joke in the early nineteen-twenties. Can you place it?

"TAFFY"

Mr. Stafford B. V. Howard-Stepney got engaged to Ursula Horlick when in his teens. Hopes to marry when of age. Is eligible only son of Lady Howard-Stepney

"PATSY"

Mr. Ernald Crow Richardson comes of an old North Country clan. Skis dashingly and dashes about London with dark American wife

"TAMMY"

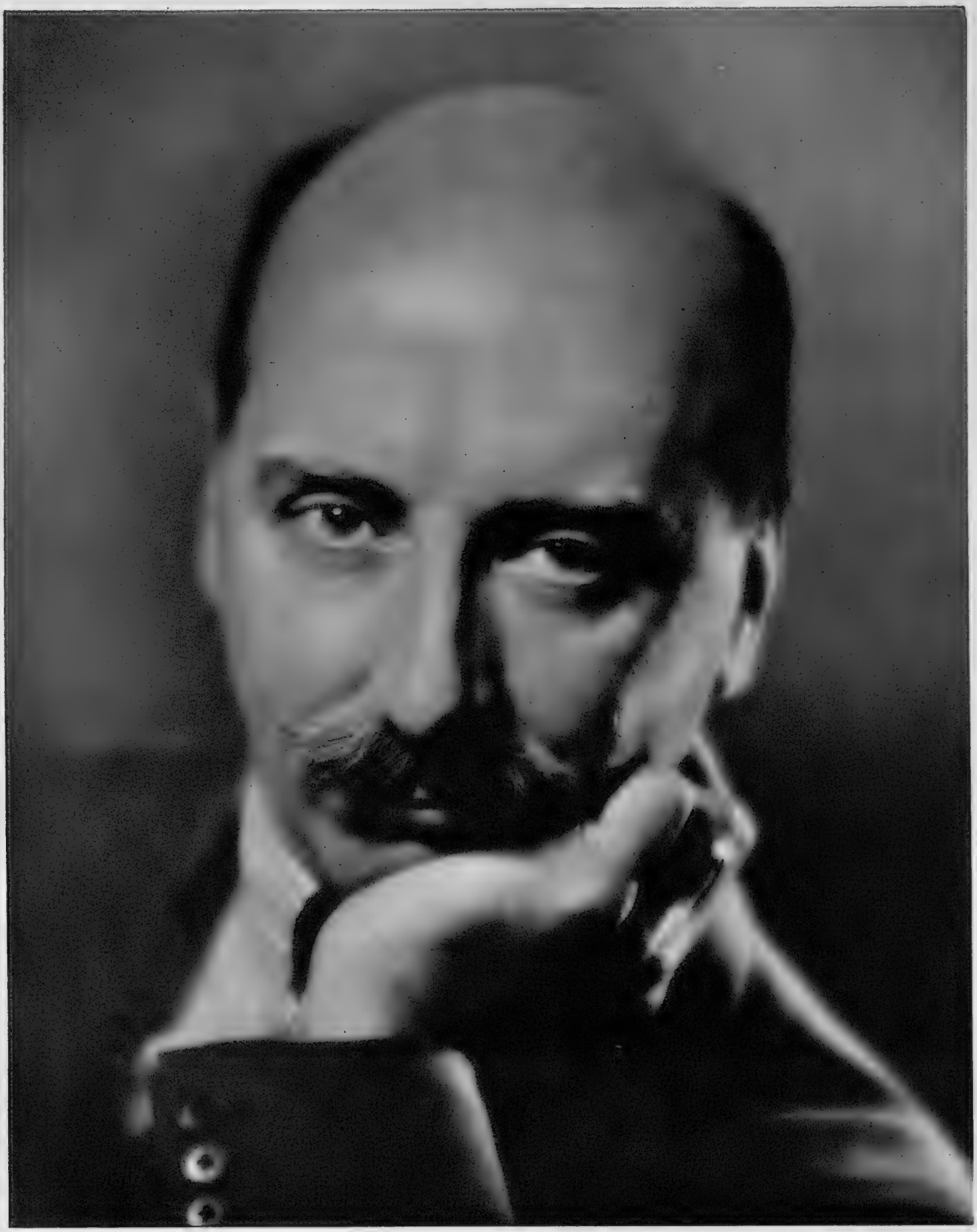
Sir Torquil Thomas Alfonso Munro, 5th Baronet of Lindertis, in Angus, is typical shaggy Highlander with Spanish colouring. Has sister called Carmen and new attractive wife

"SHAVER"

Left: Sir Egerton Hood Murray Hamond-Graeme 5th Baronet, is a short slip of a man with a perfect figure. Wears the best polished shoes in London. Devoted to his tall, commanding wife

Right: H. H. Maharajah of Rajpipla does not disguise his fondness for England and the English. Enjoys racing and entertaining. Is wintering in his State as usual

"PIP"



Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

DR. ADRIAN BOULT, THE B.B.C.'S MUSIC DIRECTOR

Adrian Cedric Boult, the quiet, shy man who has been Music Director of the B.B.C. since 1930, is a North Countryman, born in Chester forty-six years ago. He went to Westminster, Oxford, and Leipzig, had his musical career interrupted by war service, but since then has conducted all over Europe and in New York. He came to the B.B.C. from Birmingham, where he directed the City Orchestra. He is a very fine musician; as a conductor he is unspectacular and untemperamental to a fault, but he and his orchestra can and do produce music that any capital town might be proud of. And they have begun to collect an international reputation, too, during their few tours abroad. Their winter season of twelve symphony concerts (Boult conducts seven of them) began last week. He married, two years ago, Miss Anne Bowles, and has a house near Salisbury

Some prominent Shikar Club members at one of their annual dinners. They are Major H. W. Hall, Major-Gen. Sir Cecil Lowther, Mr. R. P. Page, Lord Elphinstone, Lord Lonsdale and Mr. Frank Wallace

Clubs Without Quarters

No. 9. The Shikar Club : By Charles Graves

Decorations by Clark Fay

THE Shikar Club is the M.C.C. of the big-game world. Its presiding genius is Lord Lonsdale, and your election depends a good deal on whether the grand old man of sport approves personally of you and your record. There are about two hundred members, and the Club dines once a year, on Oaks night, when about eighty members and their guests appear.

The primary object of the Club is to maintain the standard of sportsmanship among big-game shots. "It is not squandered bullets and swollen bags which appeal to us. The test lies rather . . . in the strenuous pursuit of a wary and dangerous quarry; in the instinct for a well-devised approach to a fair shooting distance; and in the patient retrieve of a wounded animal," is the third and most important objective as laid down in the rules of the Club. The second object is unfortunately phrased: "To bring together camp-fire chums."

The official secretary is Frank Wallace, one of the most outspoken men in the country. He has written books on big-game shooting. He is the finest stag artist alive. He is the greatest authority on red deer and roe deer. And every year he compiles the standard list of the best heads shot in Scotland. He has shot all over the world, including Central China, which resulted in his book *In Quest of the Golden Fleece*. He is in his fifties; tall, baldish on top, though curly-haired at the back, and with a pleasantly saturnine expression.

THERE is no need to describe Lord Lonsdale, who makes his annual speech; after which Mr. Charles Hobley, the secretary of the Fauna Society, delivers an oration. (This organisation is to protect animals all over the world. That it is the sister society of the Shikar Club seems delightfully English.)

After Mr. Hobley's speech anyone who wants to do so can get up on his feet. It may be someone newly returned from six months' he-manning it in Africa, who speaks with acidulated bitterness about some young friend who has shown him, patronisingly, photographs of lion taken from a motor-car in the Serengetti Plains. "As if the big-game world, forsooth, held no further fields to conquer." Someone else will be pushed up by his friends to tell, in bashful, halting phrases, of some hair-raising episode or record head.

After which the older people go on talking about the good old days of the Happy Valley in Kenya until three o'clock in the morning.

UNFORTUNATELY, the Shikar Club is one of those which, in ten years' time, will probably be terminated unless they begin to realise the need for young members. Owing to financial circumstances, fewer young men can qualify for membership, though they are as keen as ever, and so are hard to find.

Meanwhile the Club continues to spread a better knowledge of what really constitutes sport in big game. For example, it circulates the idea that the white rhino, of which there are only 200 left in the world, should not be shot, any more than the giant sable, and other rare forms of interesting animal life.

This year the Duke of Gloucester and the Duke of Connaught both became members. The Duke of Glouceste is a real shikari. He only wants first-class heads, and is not afraid of rough going and an absence of all luxuries. The Prince of Wales and Duke of York are also members, like their father, who is President of the Club. The King, though few people know it, is as good with a rifle as he is with a gun. He can bowl over a running stag as another man would a rabbit with a shot-gun. The Duke of York did a long safari some years ago in Kenya, Uganda, and the Sudan, and is a keen specimen hunter, as well as a good shot. The Prince of Wales was within thirty feet of certain death not so many years ago, when the late Pete Pearson and "Samaki" Salmon shot that charging bull-elephant in Uganda. Among shikaris still active, none is better known than Reginald Akroyd, who is a great authority on shooting in French Equatorial Africa. Major G. H. Anderson is the best-known white hunter in Kenya. Most game wardens would like to have his inside knowledge of ways and means with ivory. He walks with a distinct limp, and many a plutocratic American who has arrived in Nairobi and has wondered whether "Andy" could keep up, has regretted the thought after twenty-five miles at four miles per hour in a hot sun.

CAPTAIN COURTNEY BROCKLEHURST, a former husband of Lady Violet Nutting, has just returned from Central China, where he went in quest of the Giant Panda. Major Gerald Burrard is the world's authority on sporting rifles and knows more about ballistics—the subject which always starts the quickest and most heated argument among big-game shots—than the rest of the Club put together. Keith Caldwell, who is a member of the Committee, has the relentless gaze of a heavy-weight Empire Builder. He was assistant game warden in Kenya, and contrived to be most popular among all kinds of settlers, whether the latter were pillars of Empire or merely liquidating inhibitions overseas.

Major John Scott Cockburn has three times won the Kadir Cup, and will go down with Lord Baden Powell and General Wardrop as one of the great pig-stickers of all times. Lord Cranworth is one of the Old Brigade. He remembers Kenya in the early days of Lord Delamere, and saw the best of shooting between 1900 and 1910.

MR. A. A. DUNBAR-BRANDER has, with the possible exception of James Best, killed more tigers than any known shikari to-day. His total bag cannot be far short of a hundred. Sir William Gowers, the former Governor of Uganda, was responsible for the Prince of Wales's tours, and got on very well with him. Mr. G. V. Seccombe-Hett has gone off to Western Siberia—goodness knows what he's after. Sir John Hewett in his time has shot an immense number of tigers, while Lieut.-Col. J. N. Horlick once shot a record caribou. Anthony Lowther, the nephew of Lord Lonsdale, and General Sir Cecil Lowther are also members, like Major H. C. Maydon, editor of the Lonsdale Library Book on Big-Game Shooting. He is one of the keenest and best-known shots in the world, and it was under his auspices that the only desert lion ever bit the dust, or, rather, the sand, two hundred miles from the nearest water-hole.

Sir Frederick O'Connor runs trips to Nepal, where he was our envoy (the Duke of Sutherland was in one of his parties not long ago). Sir Alfred Pease and Lord Cranworth, whom I have already mentioned, used to shoot lions from the saddle when riding lion was fairly common.

Major Powell-Cotton has the best private collection of big-game heads in the world at Quex Park. He shoots all the year round.

I have no space for the twenty honorary members, but they include all those game rangers and game wardens, like Captain Montagu Moore, V.C., Captain Charles Pitman, D.S.O., M.C., and Captain Ritchie, who are not ordinary members. And what they don't know Major G. H. Anderson does.

Lord Elphinstone *Col. Bromley Way* *Sir William Gowers*

Round the Town

Faces Seen By Molly Bishop

Mrs. Lincoln Strong

Is an American with unusual and attractive looks and great chic. She was lunching at the Ritz, all in brown with a mink cape. She is just off to Paris, where she is going to spend the next six months—unfortunately for London

Countess de Pret-Roose

Left : Countess de Pret Roose is wearing that black velvet, red-velvet-trimmed toque which is everyone's favourite. She was at the Cesarewitch and in a big party afterwards at the Café de Paris

In the same Cesarewitch-evening party of ten was the new Mrs. Charles Mills (right, in white, pearls and diamonds) and her husband. She got married at the beginning of this month, and before that was Mrs. Betty Fielden

Mrs. Vivian Campbell-Johnston

Has short red hair set into sleek curls, as much dress-sense as anyone, and a lovely John Hill flat near Sloane Square. As a Chelsea-dweller, she helped to organise the Tauber première for the local branch of the Personal Service League

Mrs. Charles Mills

On a slab of marble there sat, cross-legged in traditional pose of meditation, Colonel Marvin, his father

"This way, O Sahib. Follow me. The Holy One meditates." Ram Dass, the tall, inscrutable Chowkidar, led the way through curtained arches and past fretted trellises.

The Holy One! Hank had heard that his father had become interested in spiritual research and occultism; many of the more seriously-minded officers of the Indian Army were rumoured to have done the same, but was it possible that it was he who was referred to thus? Had he indeed become an Adept?

On they went, past the grim ranks of guns, the stables, the wet canteen, until at last they found themselves at the foot of a great rock that towered up a thousand feet from the plain. His guide stopped at the entrance of a rock-hewn cave.

"Enter, O Seeker. But first remove thy boots."

Hank obeyed.

Inside all at first seemed dark. Two joss sticks smouldered with a sickly radiance. Then he saw. On a slab of marble there sat, cross-legged in traditional pose of meditation, Colonel Marvin, his father.

He wore only a miniature loincloth and his body gleamed palely in the gloom. His grey hair hung in tangled locks. His eyes gazed vacantly over Hank's head.

"Pop!"

A hand touched his shoulder.

"O, True Believer, do not disturb the Master. Wait, rather, until he returns to this earthly plane."

Ram Dass had followed him.

"When will that be?" asked Hank.

"Who may say, Sahib? Perhaps to-morrow, perhaps after many days."

Hank walked slowly back to the cantonment. His young brow was knitted in thought.

"Bystander" Short Story No. 9

Colonel Yogi: By Denis Clark

With profound acknowledgments to "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," that tremendous epic of the screen

Illustrations by Walter Goetz

HANK MARVIN got out of the dooly that had brought him from Dampore railway station to the cantonment of the 14th Simla Sabres.

At last! His father's old regiment, or, better sounding, his old father's regiment.

The sentry, in his multi-coloured turban, at the gate saluted sharply.

"Colonel Sahib, hi?" asked Hank.

"Chukree poonjee, Inkoos," the man replied, with a deep obeisance.

Young Hank strode on. It was long past tiffin time and the old regiment was obviously having its afternoon siesta. He passed through the great empty mess-room with its mounted Afridi heads, trophies of many a grisly foray, upon the wall and the stuffed tiger in the centre of the table. He remembered the story: the whole regiment had been in at its death.

In the square beyond, a rhythmic snoring rose and fell behind a latticed verandah, and a hot blast of curry-laden air smote against his cheek. The sergeants' mess.

A young English officer strode across the square to meet him.

"You 're Hank Marvin?"

"You 've said it, big boy."

"The Colonel sent me to look after you. I hear you 've just transferred from the Foreign Legion?"

"Sure thing, buddy. I 'm after adventure, just like my old Pop."

They both saluted. His father's name was one to conjure with over half India. Three-card and rope tricksters used it constantly.

"How is the old geyser?"

The other looked a trifle embarrassed.

"Well, he 's in purdah at the moment. I 'll hand you over to Ram Dass, his orderly."

"Have that Abdul sewn up in a pigskin"

"Well, I'll tell the world that it's a bit tough. Here's this Black Abdul mustering all his troops on the border and my pop's still in a trance. It's just too bad."

It was three weeks later, and Hank was seated in the officers' mess after chota hazri. During those three weeks he had learnt many things that go to make a Simla Sabre. He knew how to holystone his horse for screws. How to wear his topee at three inches from the horizontal for dress parade and two and a half for active service. He had been taught what "jildi" means and "bung-ho," and that a polo pony should never be mounted on the right side when there is room on the left. He felt himself rightly to be a Man and part of the Regiment. It made him all the more bitter when he thought of his father still sitting raptly in his cave, while the hostile tribesmen gathered together to wipe out the little garrison.

"He may be doing his soul good, but what I mean is, what's it doing for the Regiment, you fellows?"

It was Carruthers who spoke, a young subaltern just down from Bedales. He was anxious to prove himself. A growl of assent answered him.

Hank bit his lip. He felt that the old man was losing "face."

A thick, hard voice interrupted the younger men's talk.

"Ye're a' spierin' agly." All turned. It was MacHaggis, the tough old veterinary major. "I'll tell ye something. The Colonel's a' richt. He's no so daft as ye think. I've kenned him well these twa years——"

"Lieutenant Marvin, the Colonel wants to see you." It was the orderly officer.

Hank followed him out to the back of the cantonment. At last he would speak to his father. He entered the cave. Colonel Marvin sat in the same position as when he had last seen him, but now he wore all the insignia of an officer and a gentleman. High riding boots encased his legs, a tunic of scarlet, a turban of gold. A shining cutlass lay across his knees.

"Pop!" Hank exclaimed in delight.

"Tush, boy, tush! None of that now," his father replied testily. His archaic English came oddly to Hank's ears. This Englishman who had married his mother: he had not seen him for fifteen years. And now . . .

"I sent for you because you're the newest arrival here, and so have to do the dirtiest work. It's the custom of the Regiment."

He thought he saw a look of faint regret in the old man's steel-hard face.

"Black Abdul's going to attack to-night," he went on. "I've been up in his camp the last three weeks——"

"What!" Hank gasped. "But they said you were here——!"

"Yes, yes. And so I was, in a manner of speaking. It's too long to explain now. Anyway, he's going to attack to-night, and I want you to wait with fifty kukris in the pass to cut off his retreat. We ought to have him on toast. That's all. Dismiss!"

It was next morning. The broken waves of Afridi tribesmen were piled against the walls of the fort like grouse after a millionaire's drive. The Simla Sabres were still counting them. The attack had failed. Hank and his father were the heroes. When they had tried to attack, the old man had mowed them down with his sabres. When they had tried to retreat Hank had decimated them with his kukris. They met in the centre of the parade ground.

"I'm proud of you, my boy," the Colonel said.

"I guess I feel the same way about you, pop. But, say, there's just one little thing I'd like to know. How did you get wise to that thug Abdul's plans? I'm mighty curious."

The Colonel led him into the canteen.

"Two burra pegs, bimbashi," he ordered. Then:

"All right, son. I'll tell you. It's just a little matter of concentrating on your navel for a few hours every day. After that you can send your ego almost anywhere you like. I'm going to try and get it included in every officer's training. That's all. Don't tell anyone else, though." He patted him on the shoulder. "Now, I've got to go and have that Abdul sewn up in a pigskin as an example to the other border boys. To the Regiment!"

They stood to attention and drank. The Colonel left the room. As he strode out into the sunlight there came a great burst of cheering. The Simla Sabres cheering their Commander. His father!

THE END.

"Now then, Claude—shift yer crochet"

The All Blacks had yet another of their famous narrow squeaks when they played the Combined Services at Aldershot and scraped home by six points to five. Lieut. E. J. Unwin, who scored the Services' try, and G. F. Hart are seen in a mid-field encounter

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Optimism at Oxford

I SPENT a pleasant afternoon at Iffley Road recently, watching the final Oxford University trial match. The ground there was in beautiful condition, all combed and brushed with Twickenham precision, and the game itself was instructive.

In popular estimation, the odds at present are rather heavily on Cambridge for the 'Varsity match, but I think we should do well to pause before committing ourselves to any definite opinion.

THEY are very cheerful at Oxford. Optimism prevails, as it does in Addis Ababa. And optimism is a good thing for a University side, particularly at this stage in the season. K. L. T. Jackson, the Oxford captain, has his problems, but he is very well able to cope with them satisfactorily. At present his intention is to play in the centre himself, with the lively C. F. Grieve at stand-off half.

This seems wise, for Jackson's strength and experience will be invaluable in the centre, where Cambridge have W. Wooller as their trump card.

I only hope Jackson and Grieve steer clear of injury. Grieve has been passed fit by his doctor, and he is certainly playing well, but the severe concussion he sustained last year is a troublesome legacy. Jackson had the misfortune to strain a thigh muscle in Oxford's first match: a pity, for his importance to the side as a captain, quite apart from his playing ability, is great.

THE schools just now seem to be turning out good stuff, for at both Universities some extremely promising freshmen appeared. P. Cooke is one of them, a scrum-half who may go very near the Oxford side. Cooke is quick, and his passing is accurate, but there are two Old Blues in residence, J. K. Guy and J. W. McShane, the Australian, who played in 1933. McShane is being given first cut at the position, and maybe the final choice will rest on him.

Then in the centre Oxford have likely players in R. Harding, A. F. Dawkins, and M. M. Walford. Harding, who comes from Tonbridge, was excellent in the final trial. Walford is a versatile games player. Last year he concentrated on hockey, and now I suspect he is missing the experience he would have gained by turning out for the Greyhounds.

His defence needs tightening up, and he must learn how to give a pass, but these are matters which can be put right by practice. When they *are* put right, Walford will be a centre or stand-off half of considerable value, for he has the speed and instinct for attack.

ON the wings, Oxford have G. R. Rees-Jones, of Wales, a grand runner, and A. Obolensky, of Rosslyn Park, should settle down on the other flank. Obolensky is exceptionally fast, and he runs cleverly, with swerve and side-step. He also will have to learn how to tackle, but that should not be difficult, for he has the necessary spirit and strength.

At full-back I like the look of J. Stewart Watson, from Loretto, a calm, efficient player with a sound sense of position. Not a negligible back division, then, by any means, and the Oxford forwards should be definitely first-rate.

IF Oxford are wise they will concentrate on steady scrummaging, for that is where they must control and beat Cambridge. M. McG. Cooper, the secretary, is a very knowledgable back-row man from New Zealand, and E. S. Nicholson, England's hooker, and a firm believer in orthodox shoving, will be there to help with advice, though he is not eligible to play.

The pack should be well drilled, then, and forwards like C. T. Bloxham, M. O. Wray, J. H. Pienaar, with L. Leach as the probable hooker, will take some holding.

Without a doubt, Oxford's hope lies in forward mastery, though we must not take too much notice of the way the Cambridge forwards were outplayed by the Harlequins. At the moment, the Harlequin pack, with Dunkley leading it, is about the best in the country. P. W. P. Brook is in tremendous form, and his fellow conspirators in the back row, D. H. Swayne and E. Hamilton-Hill, are barely less formidable.

THE Harlequins may have shoved home, quite literally, a scrummaging lesson against Cambridge, and there is no reason to suppose that Cambridge will be poorly served in front. They have such excellent forwards as R. A. Lord, C. D. Laborde and H. P. Dinwiddy as the nucleus of their pack, and doubtless they will concentrate on scrummaging power.

A Norris (left), of Thames Valley, the Berkshire captain, and K. Wilkins (O.M.T.s), who skippered Middlesex in the inter-county match at Windsor. Middlesex won by 27 points to 11

If they can find the forwards, their next most important problem is the discovery of a really adequate scrum-half. G. M. Milne, of Glenalmond, who played so well for the Scottish schools, is the likely man, though he has a rival in J. D. Low.

Cambridge need someone, at any rate, who can make the best of the brilliant Cliff Jones at stand-off half. Give Jones a fair start, and few teams, the All Blacks included, will stand up against the uncommonly fast and strong Cambridge attack. W. Wooller and K. C. Fyfe make a grand left wing, and J. A. McDonald, of Blundells, and J. K. Hinds, outside him on the right wing, showed great promise in the Freshmen's trial. At full back there is the imperturbable G. W. Parker, who will be playing in his fourth 'Varsity match.

HERE indeed is a fine side in the making. We cannot yet assess its strength, though, for the pack is an uncertain quantity, and a scrum-half has to be found, and the right wing is unsettled. For all that, I think Cambridge will turn out to be extremely strong, and we are all looking forward immensely to their game against the All Blacks on November 14th.

AS for the 'Varsity match, let us leave prognostication alone for the moment. Cambridge may dazzle us now, but there are possibilities about that Oxford side. Most interesting possibilities.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cagney (Frances Vernon)

MR. and MRS. is the Name . . .

A Who's Whose Series of Screen Wives and Husbands

Mr. and Mrs. James Cagney *have been married since the days they were both in a musical-comedy chorus on Broadway where they met, introduced by Allen Jenkins, then a chorus-mate. They did a double act for vaudeville after they got married; both dance well, but now Mrs. Cagney (known as "Bill") has given all that up. They have a nice house on Beverly Hills, where Jimmy the tough guy does anything but live up to his film character. He spends his spare time studying singing, is an ardent musician, a good swimmer, keen boxer, clever with his pencil, and an all-round charmer in private life*

Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper *have a ranch in San Fernando Valley for their spare time, and seem a very happy couple. He'd been paired off by rumour with many a co-star before he chose himself a New York society girl as wife. Her real name was Veronica Balfe, but she'd started film work as Sandra Shaw when she and Gary met, week-ending on somebody's yacht. He always calls her "Rocky," and she has decided she doesn't want to bother with film-acting any more now*

Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper (Sandra Shaw)

Women's Golf:

Worplesdon—And After

By Eleanor E. Helme

Star Performers at Worplesdon

Mr. John Cradock-Hartopp and his sister Gwen relax after the strenuous efforts which won them the final of the Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes. They are the first brother and sister to have won since the victory of the Wethered pair in 1922

Right: Miss Jean Hamilton (Tandridge) and S. Forsyth (Longniddry), who put up a great fight in the final, which they lost by 2 and 1

Dear Bystander,

I believe that when I wrote you last, Worplesdon was feeling a little sad because Miss Wethered was not playing. That was inevitable and only partly assuaged by the great lady coming down to watch, in great spirits over her American tour, which must have been an amazing experience. But, apart from that, the 1935 Worplesdon was one glorious riot of exciting matches, brilliant golf, and a final that has never been bettered in all the fifteen years that the event has been going.

Truly it is extraordinary the way the standard of play has gone up and keeps on going. In the early days of Worplesdon, anybody who was out in 36 was certain to be up: now they are certain to be down; and round in the 70's, even in the early ones, is no longer any guarantee of winning. Miss Enid Wilson and Mr. Lionel Munn were round in 72 when Miss Diana Fishwick and Mr. Noel Layton beat them, and in the final the losers had the first seventeen holes in 67 and were only square. Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp and her brother won by playing golf that could hardly have been bettered by anybody, and the golf that was played by Miss Jean Hamilton and Mr. Stuart Forsyth would have beaten almost anybody else. You can imagine how the gallery grew almost delirious in the final; even the dahlias in the famous garden beside the fifteenth were forgotten, and that is saying something, for I verily believe as many people look at the flowers as at the golf.

A. S. G. Thompson (Aldeburgh) and Miss K. Garnham (Naze) put up a great fight with Miss Molly Gourlay and T. Torrance, to whom they lost by 2 and 1 in the fifth round

Thinking back over the week, I suppose one must be forgiven for not having thought of the Cradock-Hartopps as likely winners. After all, the brother's name was one of those inked-in on the draw at the last moment, Mr. Pennink having had to drop out, and Mr. Cradock-Hartopp has little time for competition golf, though he has made extraordinarily good use of all he has had this year—last four in the Amateur Championship, a 75 round Hoylake in an Old Boys' competition last month, and now a win at Worplesdon. And his sister, since she and Miss Newell won the Bystander Scottish Foursomes at Lossiemouth in June, had struck rather a bad patch. And at the beginning of Worplesdon they did have some extremely narrow shaves from couples of no terrific reputation. So there was no special reason for fancying them.

It was in the fifth round that they really began to make their name, for Miss Clarrie Tiernan and Mr. Gordon had been going strong—particularly the lady, who had impressed everyone, including Miss Wethered, as outstanding in length and general promise. Having beaten them, the Cradock-Hartopps were in the semi-final, and there they put paid to the account of Miss Diana Fishwick and Mr. Layton on the last green, where that pair had beaten another fancied pair, Miss Wilson and Mr. Munn, four hours earlier in the day. Miss Hamilton and Mr. Forsyth, on the other hand, had been having very comfortable wins, including one from the Scottish champion, Miss Robertson Durham, who was such a welcome newcomer to Worplesdon, and Mr. Crawley in the fourth round. They played very well next morning against Miss Toni Ramsden, who covered herself with glory all the week, and Captain Moxon; better still in the afternoon, when they put out the holders, Miss Gourlay and Mr. T. A. Torrance, 3 and 2. Miss Hamilton had a burst of complete inspiration, length and all the other virtues, especially on the green. So the pair had at the start of the final, winning the first three holes. They would have won the fourth, too, if Miss Cradock-Hartopp had not holed a stout putt, but somehow from that moment a great many people had a firm conviction the brother and sister would win.

A crowd is always sentimental; the mere thought of a brother and sister, playmates since childhood and all that sort of thing, drew sympathetic murmurs from them, though when the danger was past and they were up, the poor under-dogs, in the shape of the other couple, were almost as warm favourites. I am always accused of praising the ladies and blaming the men at Worplesdon, but everybody endorsed Mr. Darwin's name for Miss Cradock-Hartopp of "Public Heroine No. 1," and agreed that it was she who held the side together through its few shaky moments and drove home the advantage when they held it. Her putting was superb; she had got back her length—in fact, no praise is too high for her. Nor must the

(Continued on page vi)

Rural Attitude

Suited to These Crisp October Days

Gundog Experts

Lord Effingham and Mrs. Hugh Peacock spent a coldly open-air day at the International Gundog League's retriever trials at Hatfield last week. Lord Effingham is a pillar of the shooting world; so is Mrs. Hugh Peacock's husband, and he has real genius with dogs

Early Outing for the Hunting-Conscious

The Bordon Hunt Trials always bring out a grand gathering of the brave and the fair; all Aldershot turns out and the Hampshire young ladies can't resist that. The Hon. Daphne Pearson, Miss Waddington, Miss Sheila Price and Miss Hardy make up this quartet of devotees

Cricketer-Golfers

C. J. Burnup and Lord Tennyson played in the County Cricketers' meeting at Camberley. Lord Tennyson and his wife went to America a few days later, on the Berengaria

More Shooting

Mr. J. W. Clauston, Lady Cranborne and the Hon. Robert Cecil were at Hatfield for the International Gundog League's trials. Robert Cecil is the Cranbornes' elder son

The trio of white-booted enthusiasts below were dressed for beagling, and were at the meet of the Aldershot Command pack at Farnborough. They are E. W. Veale, Capt. W. Heathcote Amory, the Master, and Brigadier-General B. F. Drake, the Secretary

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

The Autumn Flood Rushes On

By A. G. Macdonell

MR. IAN RANKINE is a first novelist of distinction. In *Good Morning, Good Morning* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d*) he has produced a delightful blend of worldly wisdom and happy wit that will ensure him—if there is any justice in a hard world—a large host of readers who will anxiously await his second novel. The scene of this, his first, is laid in a modern Ruritania, and the characters are almost entirely officials and delegates to an International Conference. It is very clear that Mr. Rankine has first-hand knowledge of these astounding performances, for his swift ironical strokes land on the cocoanut every time and thereby return the penny. But do not run away with the idea that Mr. Rankine is all coruscation. His character-drawing is excellent—indeed, his heroine, the Grand Duchess, is a quite delicious creature, and Sir George McMaster is a dreadfully realistic creation. Every International Conference swarms with its McMasters. Altogether I can strongly recommend Mr. Rankine as a capital entertainer.

IT is, of course, challenging the Fates—who seldom decline a challenge—to try to parallel Mr. Priestley's great *English Journey*. But if anyone is rash enough to try, surely he could have made a better job of it than Mr. Edwin Muir has managed with his *Scottish Journey* (Heinemann-Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*). For I am sorry to have to record my opinion that this is not at all a good book. Mr. Muir himself provides the appropriate sentence when he says, "As I write this, it strikes me that I am not describing a Scottish scene at all." That is exactly the trouble. He spends most of his Edinburgh chapter on an analysis of the Scottish Nationalist movement; most of his inordinately long Glasgow chapter on a discussion of Socialism; and his notion of the Highlands appears to be Inverness, Beauly, and the Anglicised hotel in Ullapool. He has nothing to say about Dundee, Aberdeen — that unique city—Appin or Badenoch or Lochaber, or about St. Andrews. He is a bold man who sets out to describe the Scottish scene without trying to analyse what golf has meant to Scotland. But the root of Mr. Muir's trouble is that he began this book with an idea in his mind—to describe the Scottish scene—and then allowed himself to be diverted by another idea, much stronger than the first, which was to prove how vast a blessing Socialism would be to the Scottish scene. Perhaps it would be, perhaps it wouldn't. But the introduction of the second idea seems to me to ruin the first.

MR. GEORGE DORAN is a world-famous publisher, and I am perfectly certain that if a manuscript had been submitted to him that contained so many peculiar judgments, so much bad grammar, and such odd slips as *The Chronicles of Barabbas*, his own autobiography (Methuen; 15*s.*), he would have thought twice before accepting it. But perhaps, being a world-famous publisher, he would have seen past the clichés and the naïvetés, and would have published it for its curious charm and for its store of quaint, almost childlike, wisdom.

"Why not go back to my place and play the gramophone?"

Another joke from Patrick Bellew's new book, "Point of View"

FOR a soft-hearted, sentimental reviewer, the publisher's note on the jacket of *Señor Burky* (Harrap; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is completely irresistible. It says that the author, Mr. W. P. Burke, "wrote it in penny notebooks in the Sailors' Home near the London docks, while he was despairing of finding a job and practically destitute." Criticism is disarmed. The ordinary canons disappear. So all I can do is to record that Mr. Burke, an Australian adventurer, has had an amazing life, that he has surmounted desperate obstacles and faced deadly dangers, and that he has written them all down with a nice candour. Of one thing I am sure, that his publishers will want more from him, and that his immediate problem of "practical destitution" will be speedily solved. Vaya con Dios, Señor Burky.

AN amazing bargain, especially for those who want to give a really good Christmas present on the cheap to an elderly relative, is a book of short stories published by the firm of Lovat Dickson and Thompson. It is called, simply, *Modern Short Stories*; it contains no fewer than twenty-six stories, by authors of the eminence of Miss Helen Simpson, Mr. Clifford Bax, Mr. Martin Armstrong, M. André Maurois, Mr. L. A. G. Strong, and Mr. G. Manning-Sanders; and—here is the incredible thing—the book is published at the cost of 3*s.* 6*d.* I am no expert on the finance of the book trade, but—to borrow a phrase from the immortal "Beachcomber"—stap me if I see how twenty-six first-class stories can be sold for 3*s.* 6*d.* But there it is. Look for yourselves.

MR. WILLIAM GORE is a most ingenious writer of detective stories, and his new one, *Death in the Wheelbarrow* (Harrap; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is on his usual capital lines. It is pleasantly written, cleverly devised, and capable of filling in the time between, say, Taunton and Newbury in an express train. But I must raise my sole and shrill voice in protest against one increasing tendency in these detective novels. It really does not make a sleuth into a character by giving him a maddening trick of speech. Mr. Gore makes his Sergeant Stubbs repeat the last word or phrase in every sentence, thereby driving the reader into a perfect frenzy of rage.

I KNOW very well that a strong tide of opinion is flowing against what is called "the multiple reviewer." That is to say, people are beginning to object to the reviewer who reviews the same book in several journals. Indeed, there has recently been a terrific controversy on that, and on other aspects of modern reviewing, in a well-known weekly. In order to keep out of the controversy, mainly because I am a moral coward of the lowest and most dastardly type, I have for a long time scrupulously refrained from multiple reviewing. But I feel that I would not be doing my duty—hateful phrase!—to the readers of this page of the BYSTANDER, if any, if I did not say that in my opinion the most important first novel of the year is Miss Margaret Lane's *Faith, Hope, No Charity* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*). I have praised it elsewhere. Buy it, and do likewise.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

There is nothing exaggerated about this ensemble from the ready-to-wear department on the second floor of Jays, Regent Street. The fabricating medium is unusual and delightful. Ostrich feathers are cleverly woven into the wool and the result must be seen to be appreciated. The dress is of a lighter weight than the coat, and the colour is a wondrous rust. By the way, this material is available in several shades and there are many variations of the ensemble. As will be noticed, the frock is lightened with stitched velvet motifs, the amusing basque introducing a youthful note. The sleeves demonstrate that those of the bishop persuasion still exercise their influence, while the handsome fox collar tones from nigger to beige

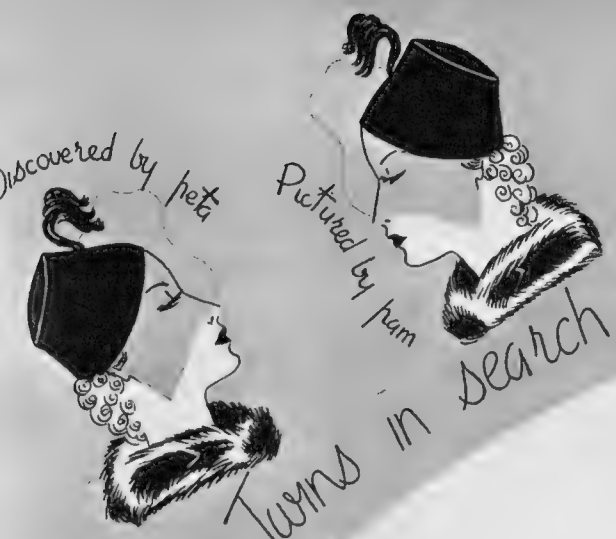
Alliance of Satin and Lace

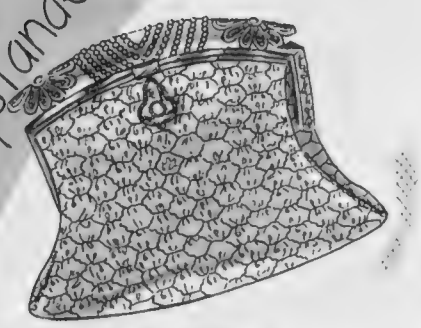
Fascinating indeed are nightdresses, and nowhere are more lovely ones to be seen than in the salons of Fenwicks, 63, New Bond Street. Simplicity is the characteristic feature of the two portrayed on this page. The one above is carried out in satin, the neck being flanked with revers encrusted with needle-run lace, and there are cami-knickers to harmonise. The model on the right is also of satin with a bib-like motif in front trimmed with lace

Now that the cold weather is rapidly approaching, the subject of dressing-gowns becomes of absorbing interest. In the Fenwick salons are lovely affairs of the Empress Josephine character carried out in pure silk velvet. They are reinforced with large puff sleeves and pleated collars, which are adjustable, and the cost is merely 59s. 6d. There are others, inspired by the coats of the highwaymen of ancient days, for the same price, and available in lovely colours

Lenare

The Bystander Turns in Search of NOVELTIES

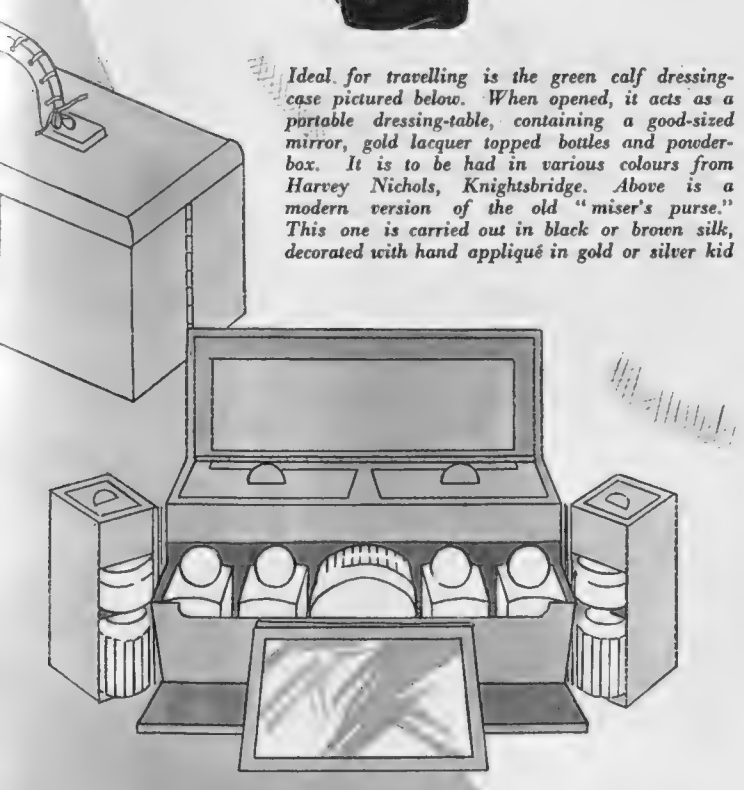




Jay's of Regent Street are responsible for this delightful evening bag in powder-blue cloque, embroidered with gold thread. It is lined with satin, and contains a fitted mirror and vanity case. The gold filigree mount is studded with blue and white beads

This season's fashions demand effective jewellery, and three examples chosen from Jay's are shown here. First, a link bracelet in tortoiseshell galalique with gold filigree working, available in several colours. Below it a necklace and bangle to match. Of a delightfully original design, they are of prystal finished with stencilling in black and white or colours

Ideal for travelling is the green calf dressing-case pictured below. When opened, it acts as a portable dressing-table, containing a good-sized mirror, gold lacquer topped bottles and powder-box. It is to be had in various colours from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. Above is a modern version of the old "miser's purse." This one is carried out in black or brown silk, decorated with hand appliqué in gold or silver kid



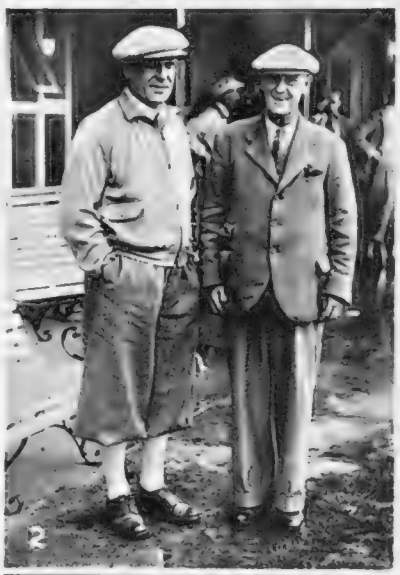
A visit to Harrods, Knightsbridge, will show that headdresses for the evening are many and varied this autumn. For example, the exotic black velvet bandeau with the paradise plume poised over the forehead is in sharp contrast to the demure hair net of coloured chenille finished with a velvet bow. Different again is the Crusader hood of black velvet lined with gold tissue. The scarf to match is sold separately

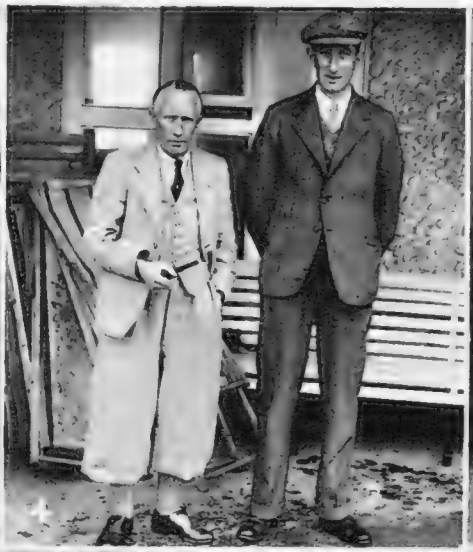
A View of the Club-house

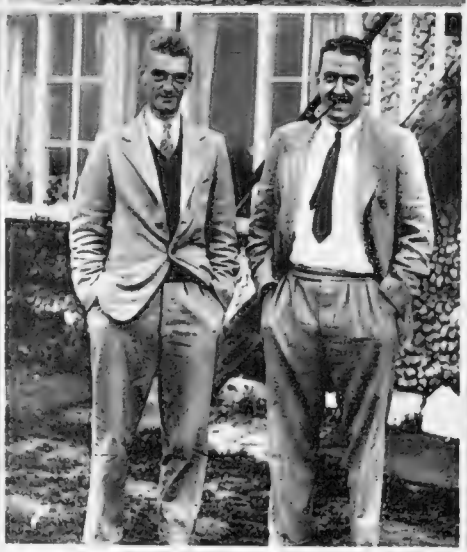
Golf Clubs At Home

Rhos-on-Sea, Denbighshire

(1) G. Chase (captain) and D. C. Roberts (president). (2) W. L. Heaton and H. R. Griffin (chairman of Directors of the company). (3) W. Hugh-Jones and Ernest Chase. (4) J. B. Breare (director) and Fred Lloyd (professional). (5) D. Watterton and J. W. Cragg. (6) R. H. Caldecott and J. L. Heath. (7) J. L. Black (ex-Welsh Amateur Champion), and G. L. Cragg. (8) A. G. L. Lowe and D. G. Roberts







Cricketers at Golf

THE COUNTY CRICKETERS' GOLFING SOCIETY has only recently been formed, but it is already assured of success, and at its first meeting, which was held at the Camberley Heath Club, a large number of noted cricketers turned out to do battle

Brigadier-General R. M. Poore and Sir Stanley Jackson

G. E. V. Crutchley watching Nigel Haig driving off from the first tee at Camberley Heath

B. H. Valentine and A. P. F. Chapman on the way to do battle on the first green

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Worplesdon Foursomes

THIS year the Open Scratch Mixed Foursome Tournament at Worplesdon was extended from four days to five, and thus more entries could be accepted and the rush and bustle of playing two rounds on the first day avoided. Miss Wethered, who is no doubt sick to death of the sight of a golf ball after her strenuous tour in America, decided not to play, and there were many who thought that much of the interest would go out of the tournament on account of her absence. Fortunately, this was not the case: in fact, I learnt from a reliable source that this year more money was taken for luncheons and parking cars than ever before.

WITH five days for play, the number of entries was extended to 108 couples, and included several from abroad; there were an all-German and an all-Dutch partnership, besides several girls from France. An interesting player this year was Miss C. Tiernan (Co. Louth), who surprised and elated the natives by defeating Miss Fishwick in the Ladies' Championship at Newcastle, Co. Down, in May. It was Miss Tiernan's first visit to England, and as regards golf it certainly was a most successful one, as she and her Irish partner got into the last eight pairs before they were defeated by the winners. Miss Tiernan is a really good player who does not allow herself to be frightened by a big occasion or a crisis in a tight match; she hits the ball a very long way, with a swing which is a little too flat to please the fastidious; her iron play is not only exceedingly good, but apparently effortless, and although she strikes the approach putts smoothly and cleanly, her holing-out is not convincing. If she can improve this part of her game, in future the natives will be surprised when she loses and not when she wins. The ages of the ladies ranged from that of a grandmother to that of a girl with her hair down her back. The grandmother got through three rounds, and on one occasion had six threes in the first ten holes; and another feather in her cap is that she played very considerably quicker than the girl with her hair down her back—a state of affairs which surely should not be.

(*Continued on page iv*)

G. O. Allen and H. J. Enthoven

P. H. Slater and A. E. R. Gilligan

F. R. Brown and H. M. Garland-Wells

G. P. A.

The Royal Air Force College at Cranwell, in Lincolnshire. The Hawker "Harts" in the foreground are being flown in formation by cadets under instruction

New Flying Schools and 'Planes: By Charles Ward

"Tigers" for Training

At the end of the year another of the civil schools for R.A.F. training will be opened near Maidenhead, in Berkshire, the second to be run by de Havillands. Their old school will, of course, remain at Hatfield, whilst the new place will have the benefit of Captain R. W. Reeve in charge. A hangar for eighteen 'planes is nearly completed at Maidenhead, and runways of concrete are being laid down on the aerodromes. Instruction will be carried out on the "Tiger" Moth, which is, incidentally, the type chosen for six out of eight civil schools under the expansion scheme. The "Tiger" is easily the cheapest to buy and the most economical to operate of any modern training machine. More than 500 have been sold to the R.A.F., eleven foreign air forces, and various up-to-date civil flying centres. It is equally efficient as a seaplane or on skis, for in both capacities it has been well proved, on floats in the Tropics and as a ski-plane in the bitter cold of the far north. The Government of Iran uses the "Tiger" Moth as a single-seater fighter, presumably for ground "strafeing" of rebellious tribes and a little light bombing of their mud huts. The "Queen Bee" or robot 'plane, controlled entirely by wireless and having no human being on board, is a variation of the "Tiger" Moth, made in wood instead of metal. One of its principal uses is as an anti-aircraft target over the sea.

The R.A.F. Flying Club

The civil flying club that was formed at Hatfield to provide facilities for serving officers has proved a great success. Quite recently the Prince of Wales, who is our leading owner-pilot, consented to become its Patron. The club has three machines—two Moths for fresh-air touring and a Puss Moth, which has been much in demand during the summer for trips to the Continent. A branch of the club has been formed in Egypt at Heliopolis, this being made possible through the habitual generosity of Lord Wakefield, who has presented the first aircraft. On Friday next there is to be a party at Grosvenor House—the club's Jubilee Ball, in fact. Tickets can be obtained from the secretary, Captain Winkley, at Hatfield.

Aviation and the Public

Almost imperceptibly, the manufacture of aircraft has passed into the hands of the public. Only last week another of our big constructors—Short Brothers, of Rochester—was quoted on the Stock Exchange. The price rose rapidly from that on the issue date, mainly on account of the volume of orders on the Company's books and its strong position in the trade, but also due to intense public interest in aviation. Shorts' name has been synonymous with seaplanes and flying-boats since the early days; the Company built in 1912 the first twin-engined seaplane to operate successfully Its seaplanes were in use for coastal patrol throughout the last European War, and subsequently the firm has made its name in the construction of metal flying-boats, both for Service and civil use. It was in a Short "Singapore" that Sir Alan Cobham circumnavigated Africa in 1927-28, and the successor of this type is in use by the Royal Air Force to-day. The "Calcutta," with which Imperial Airways commenced its Mediterranean services seven years ago, has been succeeded by the "Kent" class, also a Short product, and the future Empire flying-boats for day and night use are now under construction at Rochester. Curiously enough, one of the few firms in the industry which is neither a public company nor controlled by a large financial house is Blackburn's, of Brough, also well-known for flying-boats. Its business, in common with that throughout the trade in aircraft, is expanding, and recently it was decided to reopen the old works at Leeds in order to cope with the overflow from Brough, where there is an aerodrome and seaplane base attached to the factory.

'Planes and Their Pilots

The Duchess of Bedford has traded her Puss Moth in part exchange for a new Gipsy VI. "Gull" from Airwork. It is a particularly smart machine, finished and upholstered in light green, and the fastest 'plane in her fleet, the other two being a Gipsy I. Moth and a racing Moth. Mr. Loel Guinness, a director of Airwork, which owns Heston, and a well-known amateur pilot, has been flying Lord Dufferin's new direct-control Autogiro, which is housed at the Ards Airport in Ulster. There is another resident Autogiro at Ards, a cabin model belonging to the Hon. A. E. Guinness, whose personal pilot, Mr. Allison, is by way of being a "windmill" expert. Viscount Forbes appears in the list of new "A" licence pilots of the month—he learnt to fly with the Brooklands Club. Lympne is often used as an airport of call in bad weather. During 1914-18 it was the hopping-off place for St. Omer and Marquise, and to-day it harbours the flourishing Cinque Ports Club and a nest of "Flying Fleas." Its official designation is a Customs Airport, open to traffic day and night, being equipped with a floodlight, a beacon, and all the other lighting appurtenances for happy landings after dark. Heston reports three first solos in one afternoon, their average time under the instructor's control being 6 hours 33 minutes, which is half an hour less than the School's published figure for the Avro "Cadet." The "Phœnix" has been in the air a good deal and has excited most favourable comment, not only for its pleasing lines, but for the fact that its cabin is the quietest of any so far produced.

HAVE YOU TRIED THIS ONE?

THE BETTER THE GIN THE BETTER THE COCKTAIL

The experts know that no cocktail can be a winner without Booth's Dry Gin. For three successive years at the British Empire Cocktail Competition they have proved this beyond question. In 1933, the winning cocktail was "Red Lion," in 1934 "Royal Romance," whilst in 1935 "Cliftonian" won first prize. The basis of all three cocktails was Booth's Matured Dry Gin. The experts know that maturity makes Booth's unapproached for flavour or purity.

Therefore, when you mix cocktails at home you cannot do better than follow the advice of the experts—*the better the gin the better the cocktail!*

BOOTH'S

Matured

DRY GIN

Willing

Clever Hostesses are *learning*

AN exquisite coffee is the crowning point of a well-chosen dinner, and the successful hostess must choose her coffee with the same care and thought as she chooses the wines and liqueurs in her cellar.

Over 300 years ago coffee was first brought to Vienna from the East, and Blue Danube "Viennese Coffee" is blended and roasted according to the old tradition that has been preserved there from that day to this. Clever hostesses are learnt ing that it adds distinction to their table to serve the favourite coffee of Imperial Vienna.

Blue Danube "Viennese Coffee" can be obtained from all the leading Grocers, including THE ARMY AND NAVY STORES, FORTNUM AND MASON, HARRODS, ROBERT JACKSON, INTERNATIONAL STORES, SELFRIDGES, WHITELEYS, etc.

BLUE DANUBE "Viennese Coffee"

Cars with a Personality

The 1½-Litre Riley "Falcon"

By The Earl of Cardigan

THERE are two things which one can always predict with safety concerning any Riley model. One is that its appearance will be more than ordinarily attractive. The other is that its performance, in relation to its size, will be such as to satisfy the most exacting type of driver.

The latest Riley "Falcon" is no exception to the rule. It is not every car of "stream-line" type that is genuinely pleasing to the eye; but this saloon is a good-looker from any angle. Its "lines" are admirable, the interior is likewise in excellent taste, and the whole lay-out is eminently practical and workmanlike.

As regards performance, here is a 12-h.p. saloon which can touch 50 m.p.h. in third gear, and do something between 65 and 70 m.p.h. in top gear. High "revs." are involved, of course; but a remarkable degree of smoothness is achieved, and the four cylinders often seem to play the part of six.

THE gear-box is of the epicyclic variety, and pre-selective. A good point is that the notches on the quadrant are deeply cut, so that one never has to "feel about" between one ratio and the next. The clutch is of friction type, and automatic in its action, engaging as soon as the engine accelerates.

This combination of clutch and gear-box has many advantages. In particular, it enables the car to make an exceptionally quick get-away—not an instant being wasted either in starting or in running through the gears. The ultra-lazy driver will, incidentally, find it possible to make a smooth start even in top gear—although this is hardly to be recommended.

THE new Riley braking system is of the Girling type, which is nowadays becoming so widely popular. A feature of the Girling brake is that it is always light, but never fierce, in its action. In this case, a central hand-brake is placed low between the front seats, so that, although accessible, it does not obtrude itself into the front compartment. The driver can thus get in and out on either side.

The steering is extremely pleasant, and the springing is good—notably so at the higher speeds. Road-holding is quite excellent; and, even at 60 m.p.h., one is never reminded of the car's modest size. The familiar Riley slogan, "Drive with Confidence!" has a good basis in fact. It is a car which one can, and does, drive in a confident manner, even after very brief acquaintance.

The seating arrangements should be mentioned; for careful planning has secured plenty of room all round. The luggage-locker is also notable, owing to its generous size when opened. The price of the 1936 "Falcon," complete with very full equipment, is £335.

The 1½-Litre "Falcon" saloon is, like every Riley, a remarkably good-looking car. Looks are sometimes deceptive; but not in this case, for the road performance is equally satisfying

Permanent jacks are a valuable feature. The D.W.S. system has the merit of being very simple, and enables the car to be raised without any grovelling

Control is very simple, the gear lever being mounted on the steering column, just below the wheel. Among the neatly grouped instruments, note the extra-large speedometer

Not many cars look so attractive from this angle. The luggage-locker is of useful capacity when closed, and will take a really big load when opened

TIME HAS MADE THEM BOTH UNIQUE

The Portland Vase.

Priceless ancient Roman glass vase of great beauty. Found in the early 17th century. In 1787 bought by the Portland family, who in 1810 deposited it in the British Museum, where it is now on view. Smashed to pieces by a lunatic in 1845, but pieced together again with great skill.

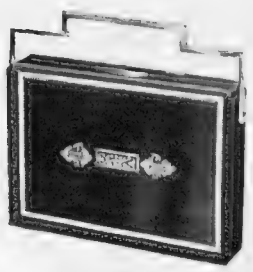
THE mellowness, the richness, the bouquet of The "Antiquary," that rare old Liqueur Scotch Whisky, have won the warm approval of all true whisky connoisseurs. Equally as good with water as with soda—a sure test of Whisky quality—it is an unrivalled promoter of good health, good cheer, and good company. **Make it your home whisky.**

Supplied only in Quarts and Magnums. Sold everywhere at home and abroad. If any difficulty in obtaining supplies, please write Sole Proprietors, J. & W. Hardie, Scotland.

THE HOUSE FOR PRESENTS

THE COMPLETE COMPACT COMPANION

Three suggestions from our large and varied stock.



LACQUER VANITY BOX to hold cigarettes, comb, powder, rouge, lip stick, and fitted with purse. Colours: white, black, pink, blue, jade, shell. Size 6 x 3½ x ⅞ ins. Price **£2 12 6**

LACQUER VANITY BOX with raised lacquer and marcassite decoration on front, to hold necessities as above. Size 6 x 4½ x ⅞ ins. Price **£6 10 0**

LACQUER VANITY BOX with real petit point on front—to hold necessities as above. Size 6 x 4½ x ⅞ ins. Price **£8 8 0**

Finnigans

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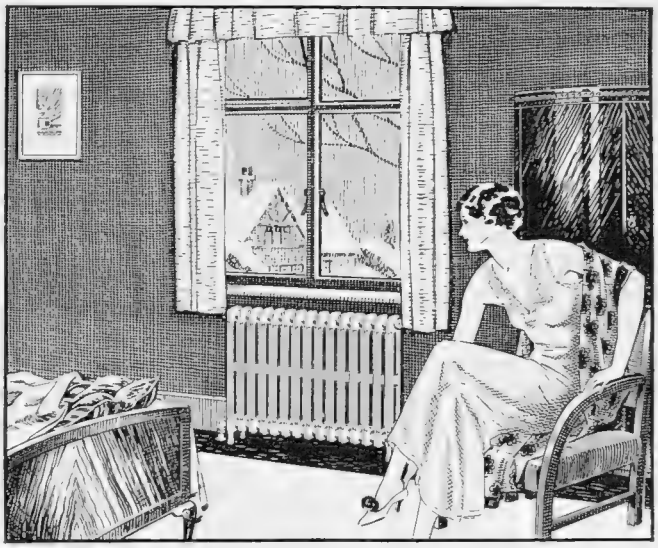
THE 'IDEAL' WAY

Healthful Warmth Day and Night



The comfort of Ideal Warming is constant. Going to bed, and getting up in the morning, the same pleasing warmth surrounds you. All day long the house is kept warm and free from damp — safeguarding you against winter ailments. In addition, you are always sure of an abundance of hot water for baths, etc., a dual, trouble-free service at the lowest possible daily cost.

IDEAL
BOILERS & RADIATORS

Ideal Warming is suitable for old or new houses — large or small. Simple in operation and perfectly safe, burns smokeless fuels, prevents frozen pipes.

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Gifts and Enquiries welcomed by
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101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

THE SALVATION ARMY

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf *(Continued from page 217)*

THE Dutch couple got through two rounds and appeared thoroughly to enjoy themselves, especially the male, A. Calkoen, who is secretary of the Utrecht G. C., which possesses a most delightful course among heather and pine-trees. One cannot help noticing, when watching golf, how white, drawn and haggard most of the players look at the end of a close match when the strain is beginning to tell; pretty girls look positively plain and plain girls look awful. This remark does not apply to the winning lady, who always, on the golf course, whether she is having a tight or an easy match, looks charming, happy and cheerful, and seems to be thoroughly enjoying herself. Miss Tiernan also looks as if she were enjoying herself, and the result of her match is not a question of life and death, but there are very few others.

THE uncertainty of foursome play—and especially mixed foursome play—was emphasised in this tournament. Before play started I picked out eight couples from whom I thought the winners would come, and no fewer than three of these were beaten in the first round; but my other selections included the winners and the defeated semi-finalists. There is always a great deal of good golf played in this tournament, but I think the feature of the meeting is the large number of really brilliant shots which are played year after year—most of them thrusts during a crisis—which turn what looks like certain defeat into victory. I never wish to see a better shot than the male Cradock-Hartopp's second to the eighteenth hole in his first-round match, when he played Mrs. John Gage and Major S. K. Thorburn. With the match all square on the eighteenth tee, Miss Cradock-Hartopp had the honour and hit her tee shot rather high and not very well—the sort of shot a friend of mine most aptly calls "a dear little shot"—but it had the great merit of being well to the left and of opening the hole for her brother. Major Thorburn replied with a most magnificent shot—very long and placed in the perfect position. Cradock-Hartopp produced an iron, and while the spectators were saying "He will never get up with an iron club," hit a tremendous shot which never left the pin and finished a few yards on the green. Poor Mrs. Gage, who must have been thinking that any sort of reasonable shot from her would be good enough to win the hole, and with it the match, now found that a really good shot was required to obtain a half; she was undecided what club to take, and, as usually happens when a player is in doubt about the distance, hit a half-hearted shot which finished in a bunker: her side got a five, but it was not good enough.

MANY great exponents of the game, including John Ball, are of the opinion that it is a great advantage to have your ball on the green first, and some of them, when they are at the top of their game, even drive deliberately short of their opponents so that they can play the second shot first. I have not the slightest doubt that if Cradock-Hartopp had not put this shot on the eighteenth green, Mrs. Gage would have played a good shot and won the hole in four.

ALMOST knowledgeable man stated during the semi-finals that if Miss Gourlay and Torrance and Miss Fishwick and Layton were beaten, there would be a very dull final. He proved a very false prophet, and of his own accord ate his words. The final was one of the best and one of the most exciting ever played at Worplesdon: the golf for the first seventeen holes could not have been improved on by a first-class professional. The match stood all square at the eighteenth tee, and at this stage each side had a score of one under an average of fours, and the better ball was no fewer than six under an average of fours. The final produced such an interesting match and so much splendid and courageous golf that I intend to write a full account of it at a future date.

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What's On *(Continued from page D)*

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS.—THE VIC-WELLS COMPANY includes Pearl Argyle, Ursula Moreton, Elizabeth Miller, Margot Fonteyn, Beatrice Appleyard, Frederick Ashton, Robert Helpmann, Harold Turner.

COPPELIA, HAUNTED BALLROOM: November 2nd, 2.30.

CARNAVAL, BLUE BIRD, FAÇADE, JOB: November 5th, 8.30.

ENGLISH BALLET.—A two-weeks' season arranged by Espinoza and the British Ballet Organisation: Lyric, Hammersmith, to November 2nd.

CONCERTS

Orchestral

R.P.S.—Beecham conducts the L.P.O. in a Rossini overture, Dukas' "La Péri," Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto in E (Adolf Busch), and Berlioz's Symphonic Fantastique: Queen's Hall, October 31st, 8.15.

ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—Berlioz's "Faust," with the L.P.O. and Malcolm Sargent conducting: Albert Hall, November 2nd, 2.30.

L.S.O.—Nikolai Malko conducts Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" Overture, Shostakovitch's Symphony in F minor, Sibelius's Symphony No. 2: Queen's Hall, November 4th, 8.15.

Recitals

ANIA DORFMAN.—Piano recital: Grotrian Hall, to-night, 8.30.

CHAMBER MUSIC PLAYERS.—(Sammons, Tertis, Kennedy, Murdoch) in Mozart, Brahms, Dvorak quartets: Grotrian Hall, November 1, 8.30.

FRANK MANNHEIMER.—Piano recital: Wigmore Hall, November 2nd, 3.

MARY JARRED, ALBERT SAMMONS.—Fourth "British Artists" concert: Hyde Park Hotel, November 3rd, 9.

JOSEF HOFMAN.—Piano recital: Queen's Hall, November 5, 8.15.

KATHARINE GOODSON and BROSA QUARTET.—Brahms-Beethoven-Franck programme: Wigmore Hall, November 5th, 8.30.

EXHIBITIONS

CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW: Horticultural Hall, October 31st-November 1st.

SUNDAY TIMES BOOK EXHIBITION: Dorland Hall, Regent Street, November 4th-18th.

BRITISH HANDICRAFT EXHIBITION AND SALE: Sunderland House, Curzon Street, November 4th-9th.

DANCING AND DINING

CARLTON.—The new cabaret is in full swing; Lou Preager's band plays: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER.—The new Follies show is excellently gay; Jack Jackson's band plays: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—Another new floor show, "Tyrol on Parade," has opened here; Syd Lipton provides dance music: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—There 's a good band (Brian Lawrence's), and you can dance in any clothes; no cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—The transformed "Jardin Fleuri" restaurant, plus cabaret, is now open; Harry Roy plays for dancing.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are good, and fish dishes are a speciality.

ODDENINO'S.—Dancing and cabaret in the restaurant; beer and Bohemianism in the famous brasserie.

PRUNIER'S.—This is the place in the oyster season, and for all fish foods; the atmosphere is informal, and there 's no music.

QUAGLINO'S.—Walsh and Barker are here again; Van Straten's band plays; evening dress is optional "downstairs": extension, Wednesday.

RITZ.—Café Chantant is restored to its original home; Joe Kayne's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

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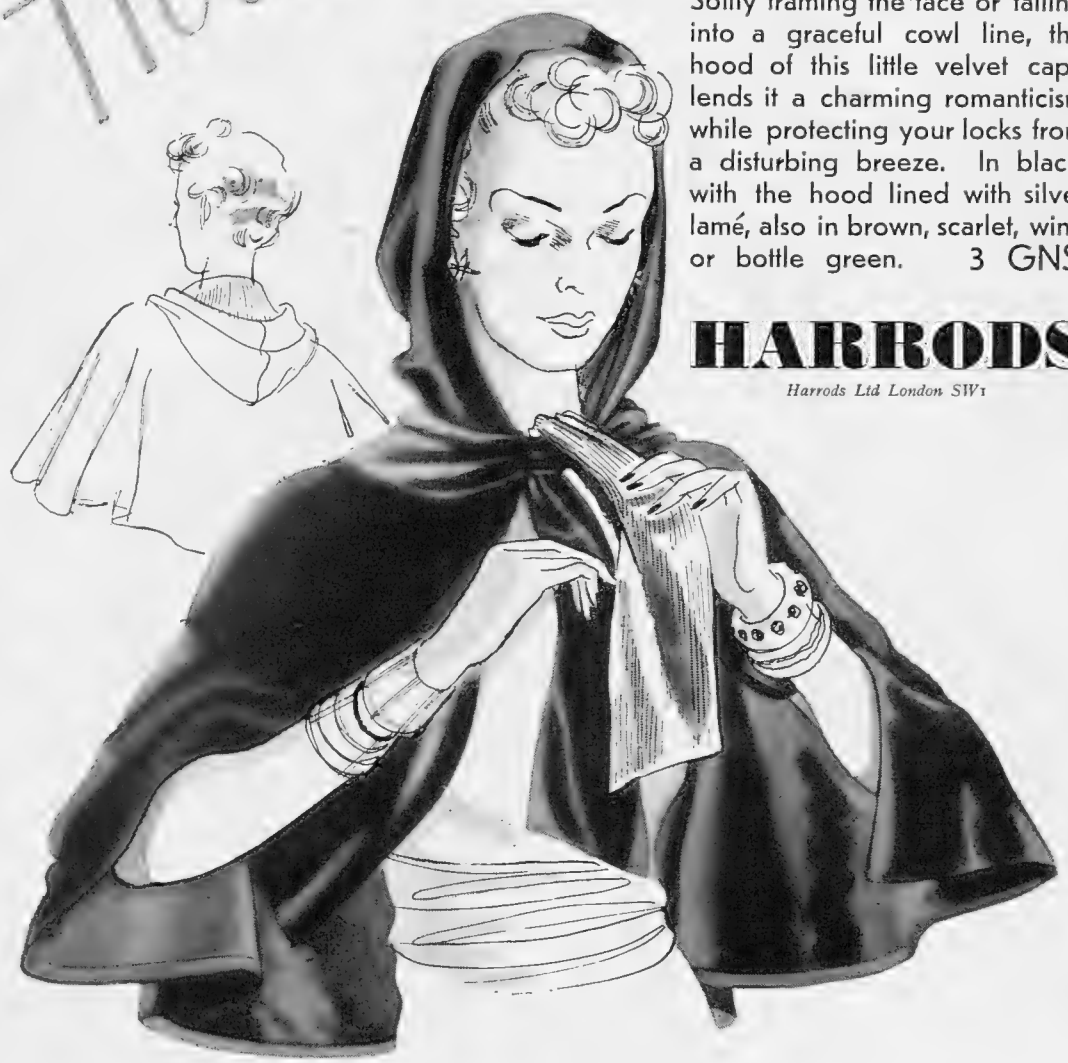

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How to Maintain a Lovely Skin

THERE are three axioms in the care of the skin—namely, cleansing, toning, and nourishing. All three are equally important, though cleansing is the foundation on which to build and therefore comes first. It is no use just wiping off the surface dirt at night, as so much of it sinks right into the skin and has to be worked out. The best way to do this is to take some Yardley's soap—which, by the way, is exceptionally pure—and make a thick lather with warm water. Then wash the face thoroughly all over, rinse, and dry with a soft towel. Finish off with Yardley's English Complexion Cream and let it sink into the pores so that it can dislodge any remaining particles of dirt and make-up. Remove any superfluous cream with a tissue and pat briskly with a pad of cotton-wool soaked in Toning Lotion. This will stimulate the circulation and contract relaxed pores. In order that the underlying tissues may be nourished and the muscles strengthened, Yardley's have created an invaluable Skin Food suitable for all types of complexions. It is rich and creamy, and should be applied generously and worked in with the fingertips. Follow an upward circular movement and go carefully round the eyes, where the skin often gets discoloured and wrinkled. The more Skin Food is absorbed, the better, as it replenishes the natural oils, which often get dried up during the summer months.

The Art of Make-Up

IN the morning follow the same course, leaving out the Skin Food and applying a powder base instead, either Foundation Cream or Skin Lotion. Both are delightful, though the latter is particularly soothing in bad weather and whitens the skin perceptibly. A harmonious effect is the most important part of make-up, which should be subtle by day and sparkling by night. There are four shades of rouge, both cream and powder. When rouging, remember that a little applied on the upper lip will shorten a long nose, and if placed close under the eyes on a broad face will take away the full moon appearance.

Worplesdon — And After

(*Continued from page 210*)

brother be left out: if she holed the counting putts, it must not be forgotten that he gave her the chance by fine play up to the hole. They were the perfect pair, and at that we can leave it.

SPACE dwindles, and there must be a word about Miss Bridget Newell's win of the Legal Autumn Meeting at Beaconsfield with 77, two more than par. The 36 home on the card shows good golf. It was a big meeting, splendidly run by Miss Ramsden and her sister, and not the least interesting thing about it was a prize for the least number of putts taken in the round. Mrs. A. Smith won that prize with only 29 of the wretched things, and there were enough players who had fewer than 36 to suggest that, after all . . . That is another topic, though—too lengthy for now.

NEXT day to Mote Mount for Middlesex Mammoth Meeting. (Forgive me for going all headliney!) One hundred and thirty players of 14 handicap and under, starting-times from 8.20 a.m., a winning gross score one under par, 75 from Mrs. John Beck, with 77 from Miss Daniell, was all very good. And so is the course. Do not be misled by any casual impression of flatness gleaned from the Barnet by-pass. Mote Mount struck me as one of the most attractive courses to be found in Middlesex, with just the right amount of undulation, legitimate golfing interest, beautifully kept, and the turf by no means heavy or muddy, in spite of the deluge of the preceding night. Moreover, you feel much more out in the country than would be believed possible till you have tried it.

THE first thing I saw was Miss Isabella Rieben, who is now qualified for membership by residence, making her Middlesex début with a drive of quite ten yards. Multiplicity of jerseys was put forward as a reason: at all events the ball soared gently in the air, as in a slow-motion, and came to rest just off the tee.

Well, no matter. Perhaps it is a good omen. Miss D. R. Fowler had an air shot on the first tee of the first Autumn Foursomes, and went on to win them. Miss Rieben did not win, or anything like it, at Mote Mount, but she did hit some fine shots after that, and will add enormously to the county's strength.

In New Zealand our team continue to do great things. More of them next week.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the firs day of the following month.*

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• GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Hay Wrightson

Margaret Egan

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Barry Egan, of Charlotte House, Cork; she has announced her engagement to George Arthur Carey Foster, the eldest son of Dr. G. M. Foster, and of the late Mrs. Foster, and a grandson of the late Prof. G. Carey Foster, F.R.S.

Bassano

Helen Rogers

Is the second daughter of the late Mr. C. S. Rogers, and of Mrs. Rogers, of Victoria Park Road, Exeter, and is to marry John Martin Jacoby, the son of the late Mr. C. Jacoby, and of Mrs. Jacoby, of Battle Abbey, Sussex

Hay Wrighuson

Betty Morton

Is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Geoffrey Morton, of Grovehurst, Pembury, Hampshire; she is to marry Hugo Wilfred Marley Fleury, of 5, The Manor, Davies Street, W., the eldest son of Captain A. M. Fleury and of the late Mrs. Fleury

Kay Vaughan

Lorna Williams

Is the only daughter of Mr. Geoffrey B. Williams, of 100, Coleherne Court, S.W.5, and the late Mrs. Williams; she is engaged to James Hyde Bowie Gowan, of Wilton Lodge, Tettenhall, Wolverhampton, the eldest son of Sir Hyde and Lady Gowan

Fayer of Vienna

Barbara Edmonds

Is engaged to Anthony Dangerfield, the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, the elder son of Dr. Arthur Dangerfield and Mrs. Dangerfield, of Sandbanks, Dorset; she is the daughter of Mr. Arthur Edmonds, of Natal and of Mrs. Edmonds, of the Tudor Court Hotel, S.W.7

Lenare

Jean Campbell

Is the only daughter of the late Major and Mrs. H. B. Campbell, of Heyford Hills, Northamptonshire, and is to marry Geoffrey Stewart Byron Bramwell, the eldest son of the late Captain C. G. Bramwell, and of Mrs. Bramwell, of Meall Mhor, Tarbert, Argyllshire

Lenare

Oonah Sladen

Is the only daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. D. R. Sladen, and of Mrs. Sladen, of Rydoldog, Rhayader, Radnorshire; she is to marry Keith Hathorn Johnstone Stewart, the King's Own Scottish Borderers, the younger son of Admiral R. H. Johnstone Stewart, and the late Mrs. Johnstone Stewart

Lenare

Elizabeth Dawson

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allon Dawson, of Leathley Grange, Otley, Yorkshire, and has announced her engagement to Cyril Charles Ellis Gaunt, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald R. Gaunt, of Lane Head, Rawdon, Yorkshire

Bertram Park

Gonda Van Raalte

Is the elder daughter of Mr. Noel van Raalte, of Bursledon Lodge, Bursledon, Hampshire; her marriage to Eric Saunderson-Morrison, B.A., M.B., B.Ch., B.A.O., the son of Mr. Frank Saunderson-Morrison, will take place on November 19th

Lenare

Barbara Moore

Is the only daughter of Capt. H. R. Moore, D.S.O., R.N., and Mrs. Moore, of Higher Woodcombe, Minehead; she has announced her engagement to Lieut. James Jeffrey Edward Farnol, R.N., the only son of Mrs. M. Farnol, whose home is at Patching, in Sussex

Elwin Neame

Estelle Ridout

Is the only daughter of Major-Gen. Sir Dudley Ridout, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G., and Lady Ridout, of 22, Montague Road, Richmond, Surrey, and is to marry H. R. F. Mason, East Surrey Regiment, the only son of Major W. Mason, C.I.E., and Mrs. Mason, O.B.E., of Eversley, Hants

Douglas

Helen Winch

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Winch, of 2, Clive Court, London, W.9, and has announced her engagement to Michael Gray Mills, of Singapore; her fiancé is the only son of Captain and Mrs. Gray Mills, whose home is at Kingsdown, Deal

Left: Lieut. William N. Roper-Caldbeck, the Adjutant of the Black Watch Depot at Perth, the son of Major and Mrs. Roper-Caldbeck, and Cuckoo Anderson, the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. M. J. Anderson, of Zoete, Belgium, were married in St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth

Roper-Caldbeck — Anderson

Right: Paymaster-Lieut. Robert Michael Phelps Skinner, R.N., the younger son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. E.W. Skinner, of Mountsfield, Rye, Sussex, and Catherine Edith Mary MacDonald, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald MacDonald, of Shanghai, were married at St. Mary's Church, Bryanston Square

Skinner — MacDonald

Brookes — Carter

Above: Victor Montgomery Cannon Brookes, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cannon Brookes, of 98, Piccadilly, and Nancy Margaret Markham Carter, the second daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. R. Markham Carter, of 47, Albion Street, W.2, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Mathieson — Cousin

Left: Robert Duncan Mathieson, M.A., the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Mathieson, of India Street, Edinburgh, and Margaret Hall Cousin, of Carnock Lodge, Church Hill, Edinburgh, were married at Cramond Church, near Edinburgh

Right: Richard Gatty, the younger son of the late Sir Stephen Gatty, and of Lady Gatty, of Ossemsley Manor, Christchurch, and Pamela Strutt, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Strutt, of Newhouse, Terling, Chelmsford, were married at All Saints' Church, Terling

Gatty — Strutt

Douglas

Doreen Greenaway

Is the elder daughter of Sir Percy Greenaway, Bt., and of Lady Greenaway, of Eastcott, Kingston Hill, Surrey; she is engaged to Harold Francis Ralph Sturge, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sturge, who reside at the Grove, Shepperton, Middlesex

Lenare

Ena Eames

Is engaged to Frank Lambert Freeman, Royal Engineers, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. George Freeman, of Spencer Hill, Wimbledon; she is the only daughter of Paymaster-Captain R. F. C. Eames, R.N., and of Mrs. Eames, of the Crescent, Alverstoke

Lenare

Annette Brown

Is the younger daughter of the late Lt.-Com. G. Halliday Brown, R.N., and of Mrs. Brown, of Westways, Bridport; she is to marry Capt. Guy Bomford, R.E., the younger son of the late Surgeon-General Sir Gerald Bomford, and of Lady Bomford, of 13, Park Avenue, Dover

Bassano

Ruth Runciman

Is the second daughter of the Rt. Hon. Walter Runciman, and of Mrs. Runciman, of Doxford, Northumberland; she has announced her engagement to George A. Holmden, who is the only son of Sir Osborn and Lady Holmden, of Prince's Gardens, S.W.

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

October 30—November 5

THE THEATRE

Plays

THE BLACK EYE.—There 's more fun than philosophy in this, thanks to the dialogue, Jean Cadell and Ralph Roberts; Stephen Haggard acts well as the young hero: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL.—Greer Garson makes an excellent "butterfly," and Franklyn Dyall is the prosecutor in this Divorce Court play revived: Playhouse, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CLOSING AT SUNRISE.—The setting is a coffee-stall; the cast includes Shirley Houston, Mark Daly, Anthony Ireland, Joan Marion: Royalty, 8.40. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE HANGMAN.—Gloomy symbolism from Scandinavia; with Frank Vosper in an almost non-speaking part: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JULIUS CÆSAR.—An excellent, active production; Cecil Trouncer is Cæsar, Ion Swinley Antony, Leo Genn Brutus: Old Vic, 8 (except Monday). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Carol Coombe is still the delightful heroine of this theatrical gem from China, with Clifford Bartlett as the hero: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Winter Garden, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NINA.—Versatile acting by Lucie Mannheim in a double part as a film star and her understudy; Cecil Parker and Hugh Miller are also in Bruno Frank's amusing comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—Exquisite acting by Peggy Ashcroft as Juliet, Laurence Olivier is a controversial Romeo, John Gielgud is Mercutio, and produced the play: New, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard is still a big draw as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—First-class theatrical value as to story and dialogue, and a fine cast, headed by Eugénie Leontovich and Cedric Hardwicke: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE UNGUARDED HOUR.—Strong legal drama attacking dangers of circumstantial evidence. Fine performances by Godfrey Tearle and Malcolm Keen: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris, Celia Johnson, and Mackenzie Ward still play their parts in this unendingly popular play; Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

ANYTHING GOES.—Diana Ward makes an appealing heroine, Sydney Howard is incomparably funny as the villain of this excellently (Cole Porter) musical comedy: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLAMOROUS NIGHT.—Not for the critical sophisticate, but it 's got everything a full-size Ruritanian musical comedy can have, including Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girl's school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobbie Howes an intruding young man, and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 67.—Edna Thompson and Doris Barry are soubrettes, Hugh Rene is funny, Eric Barker and Tony Sympson contribute to the entertainment: Windmill, 1.20-11.30 non-stop.

"RIVALS!"—This musical version of Sheridan's play is witty and the tunes are good; Bruce Carfax, Frederick Ranalow, Elsie French are in it: Kingsway, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

STOP . . . GO!—Charlot's new lucky dip, with Dorothy Ward, Douglas Byng, Mary Brian, and some good chorus ensembles as the best dips: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; and the cast obviously enjoy themselves: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TULIP TIME.—Twice nightly comedy with music. George Gee, Steve Geray, Jean Colin, and Sydney Fairbrother in unsophisticated humour and colourful scenes: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

DISTINGUISHED GATHERING.—A murder drama by James Parish, with Barbara Couper, Winifred Evans, Bernard Lee, Ronald Ward: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ESPIONAGE.—Spy-thrills on the Orient Express; Frank Cellier and J. H. Roberts add their quota to the fun; Marion Lorne makes twittering comedy: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FULL HOUSE.—Ivor Novello's farcical comedy makes some people laugh; Lilian Braithwaite carries off a foolish part with her customary brilliance: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Don't go if you 're nervous—Emlyn Williams acts the young murderer too well—there 's humour as well as horror in this excellent play: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROUND ABOUT REGENT STREET.—A new nonsense in Crazy Month style, with Nervo and Knox, Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, and a good variety programme: Palladium, 6.30, 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.—A full-blooded Restoration comedy of bad manners; Athene Seyler, Roy Byford, and Baliol Holloway are chief laughter-makers: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a lowbrow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neil are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—It 's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova, and Joan Maude as wives past, present, to come: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30. Transferring to St. James's, November 4th.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks has revived this comedy; Julia Neilson and Ursula Jeans are in it, too: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's new play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, November 1st.

DON'T SPARE THE HORSES.—Comedy-song-and-dance show; with Jim Gerald, Elena Lenska, and Rex Evans: Garrick, to-night.

SEEING STARS.—New musical comedy, with Riviera atmosphere and a big company, including Leslie Henson, Florence Desmond, and Louise Brown: Gaiety, October 31st.

SHORT STORY.—Robert Morley's first play stars Marie Tempest, Sybil Thorndike and A. E. Matthews: Queen's, to-night.

CINEMAS

BARBARY COAST.—A gold-rush romantic thriller by MacArthur and Hecht, starring Miriam Hopkins, Edward G. Robinson, Joel McCrea: London Pavilion.

BIG BROADCAST OF 1936.—All stars and music; Jack Oakie, Burns and Allen, Byng Crosby, Charlie Ruggles, Wendy Barry, Lyda Roberts are a few ingredients: Plaza.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.—George Arliss as the Cardinal. And THE PRIVATE SECRETARY, with Edward Everett Horton: Marble Arch Pavilion.

CURLY TOP.—Another Shirley Temple picture, with John Boles and Rochelle Hudson: Tivoli.

THE DARK ANGEL.—Good acting by Merle Oberon, Fredric March, and Herbert Marshall in a sentimental story: Leicester Square Theatre.

DIAMOND JIM.—Colourful story of an unusual character, starring Edward Arnold: Empire.

EPISODE.—A post-war Vienna setting, with Paula Wessely as the art-student heroine (this performance won her the Volpi Cup): Academy.

HEART'S DESIRE.—Richard Tauber is a Viennese waiter in this, but he sings—and has three girl friends, Leonora Corbett, Diana Napier, Kathleen Kelly: Regal.

JOAN OF ARC.—A superb historical film: Angella Salloker is the Maid, Gustaf Gründgens is the King: Curzon.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—The Reinhardt production is at last to be seen, and it 's not what it was expected to be: Adelphi, 2.30, 8.30.

ON WINGS OF SONG.—Grace Moore in great voice in a very musical musical, with Leo Carrillo and Michael Bartlett. Also THE BLACK SHEEP, with Edmund Lowe and Claire Trevor: Dominion.

THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK.—Conrad Veidt is the Stranger, Rene Ray, Frank Cellier and Anna Lee are in this film of Jerome's story: New Gallery.

STORM OVER ASIA.—Pudovkin's film starts a season of memorable Soviet pictures: Forum, Villiers Street.

TOP HAT.—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers have a new dance; the music is Irving Berlin's; and the show is better than ever: Carlton.

TURN OF THE TIDE.—John Garrick plays hero in the story of a Yorkshire fishing village. Also ZaSu Pitts in SHE GETS HER MAN: Capitol.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

TOSCA: to-night. 8.

SAVITRI, IL TABARRO, GIANNI SCHICCHI: October 31st, 8.

THE TRAVELLING COMPANION: November 1st, 8.

TOSCA: November 2nd, 8.

(*Continued on page* iv)

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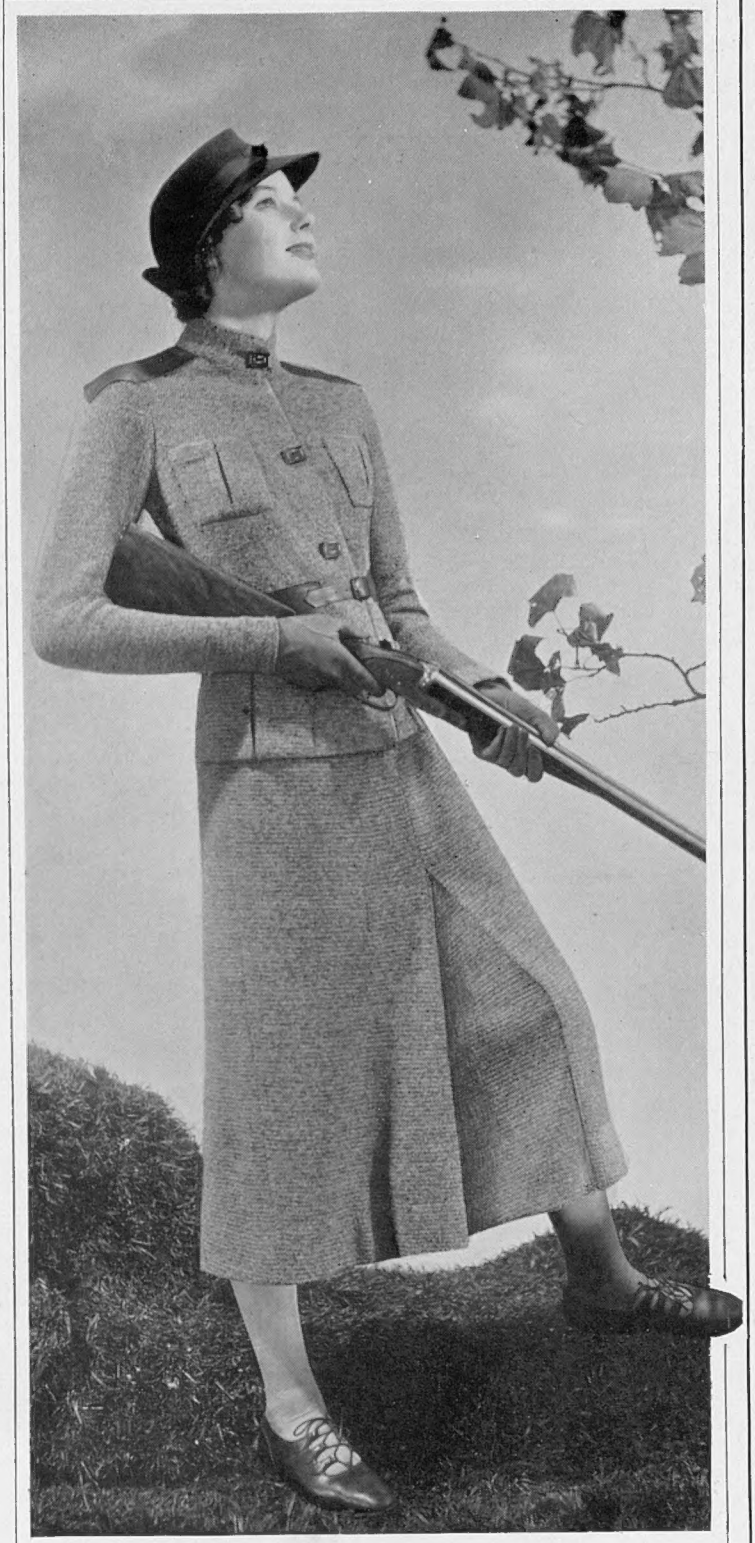

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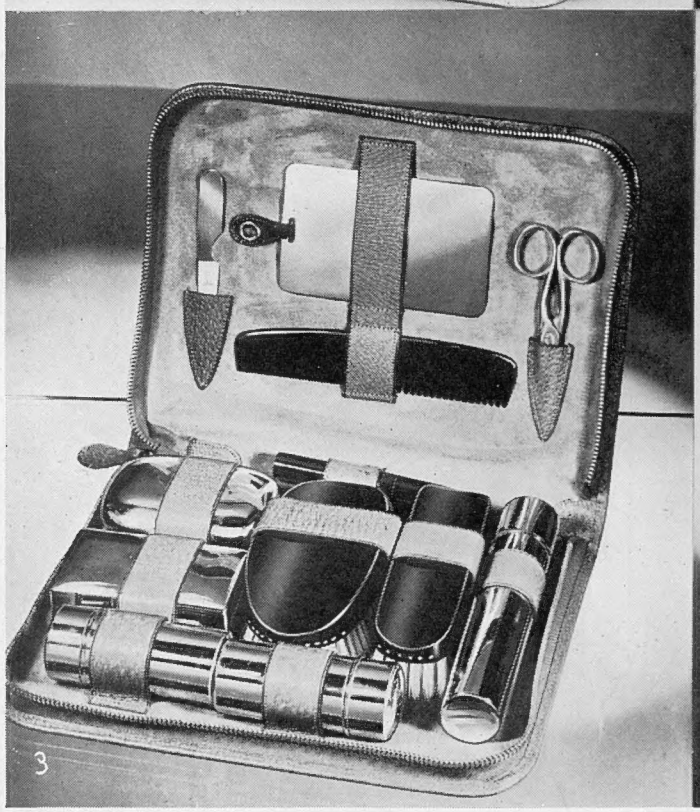

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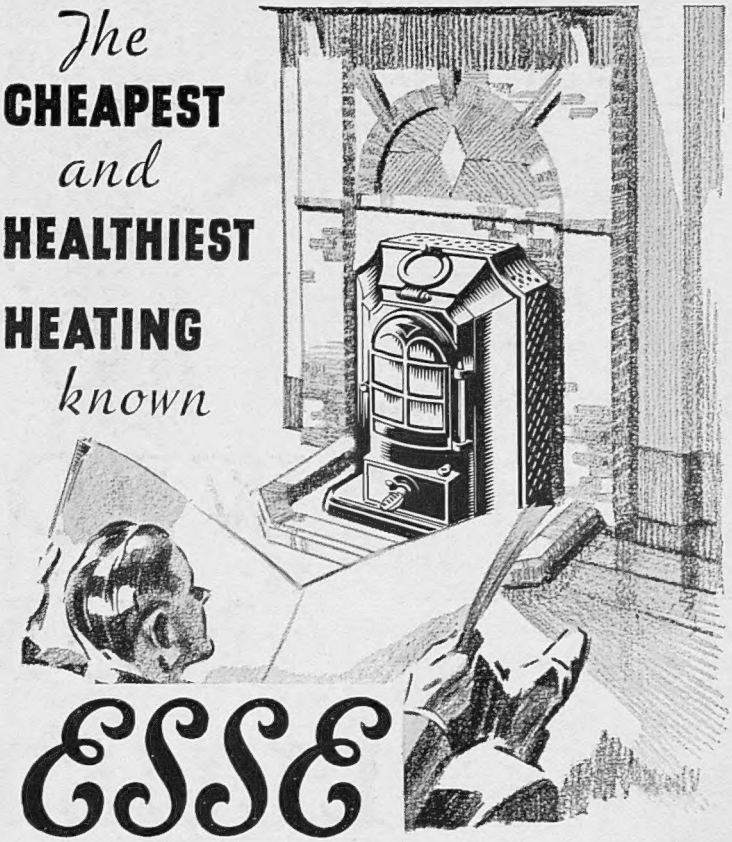

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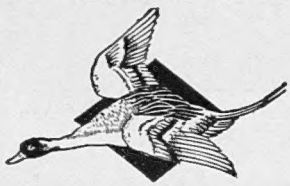

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